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The Week

IT has long been assumed that Owen D. Young would be one of the American experts chosen by the Allies and the Germans to help revise the reparations settlement. The news of the probable appointment of J. P. Morgan or another member of the Morgan firm came, however, as a surprise. What it portends no one can certainly know, but it looks like an extraordinarily good idea. The plan has been to make, if possible, a final cash settlement of reparations by the sale of a German bond issue, which would have to be disposed of principally in the United States if it were of any considerable size. The amount of such an issue which could be floated in this country would therefore have a decisive influence on the total amount of reparations to be fixed; and if it were found that only a negligible sum could be taken, it would not be possible to make any definitive settlement of reparations at this time. Mr. Morgan's judgment on this question would be virtually final. A man in his position would not be likely to take the risk of underwriting too large an issue. He would have to consider carefully the basic questions whether Americans can continue year after year to lend Germany and Germans enough to counterbalance the interest on this and other loans (since the interest would have to be transferred to this country) or whether that interest could continue for a long time to be reinvested within Germany, thus obviating transfer, or whether, in the absence of such continued loans, Germany is likely to be able to develop an export surplus large enough to pay for the transfer. For if we do not lend Germany every year as much as she has to transfer in cash or if Germany does not have an equivalent export surplus, the transfers cannot be made without depressing mark exchange and disorganizing world finances.

ONE suggestion as to the significance of the Morgan appointment has been made which sounds reasonable to us. It is said, in the first place, that the market for German securities in this country has been weakening for over a year, due largely to the uncertainty as to the total amount of reparations for which Germany will be liable. That necessitates at least setting a definite term to the period of years which the Dawes annuities are to run—and thus in essence fixing the total amount due. In the second place, it is said that Mr. Morgan is not likely to recommend any important American participation in a German loan for the cash settlement of reparations at this time, because it is felt that our experience with Germany's economic capacity has not run long enough yet to enable an answer to be given to the questions mentioned in the preceding paragraph. This would mean that the present assemblage of experts would have to content itself with the first half of the job, omitting the cash settlement, and that at some future time there would be a definite scaling down of reparations (and perhaps also of Allied debts to the United States)—more of a scaling down than the opinion of the world is now prepared for.

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THE Senate supporters of the fifteen-cruiser bill have been acting about as badly as they could, in regard to the Kellogg Treaty. There cannot be more than two or three men in the Senate who really believe that formal reservations to the treaty are necessary, reserving our right of self-defense, and of action under the Monroe Doctrine. Nevertheless, Senator Bingham of Connecticut has been able to get more than twenty signatures to a round-robin demanding some sort of "interpretive statement," and he claims that several other men have promised to sign if their names are needed. Only thirty-four votes, of course, are necessary in order to block ratification entirely. Most of Senator Bingham's group are undoubtedly supporters of the cruiser bill. They fear, as they more or less openly admit, that if the Kellogg Treaty is passed without any reservation, it will be impossible to get the Senate to vote for a quarter of a billion dollars' worth of new instruments of war. They care nothing about the treaty; they are only concerned that it shall not endanger the cruisers.

THE sponsors for the Treaty have decided to keep it before the Senate until it is ratified; and this means that whatever faint hope there was of avoiding a special session of the new Congress has gone glimmering. If by March fourth the Senate adopts the Kellogg Treaty, and decides one way or other on the cruiser building bill, it will have acted with unwonted celerity. There remains the complicated business of tariff revision, and the matter of farm relief, as to which Mr. Hoover, before the election, promised that he would call a special session if the present one failed to enact a bill. There is no doubt that the incoming President has as little love of special sessions as the outgoing one; but he cannot help himself. In our judgment, the extra session is a good thing, provided the Congress can be persuaded to do some socially useful work, and not spend too large a proportion of its time on juggling with the tariff law. There is clearly more important work to be done than can be ended by Inauguration Day. By calling together the members of the Senate and House who were elected in November, Mr. Hoover will bring the date of election and the date of service appreciably closer, fulfilling in part the purposes of the excellent Norris Amendment designed to do away with lame duck Congresses. Moreover, if Mr. Hoover is the man his admirers think him to be, he certainly must have a program of his own which will require the enactment of a number of bills to bring it into fruition.

JOHN D. ROCKFELLER, Jr., seems to be the only important figure in the oil industry with a sensitive conscience and a strict code of public morality. He is doing his best to get Colonel Robert W. Stewart ousted as a member of the board of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana. Colonel Stewart, it will be remembered, was implicated in the notorious transaction of the Continental Trading Company, Ltd. He stayed out of the country for some time, presumably in order to avoid appearing as a witness. When he returned, he went before the Senate Investigating Committee and denied that he had any knowledge of the distribution of the profits from the transaction. Later on he admitted that in fact a large part of these profits had been put into his hands and had remained in his possession for a considerable length of time. A District of Columbia jury failed to convict Colonel Stewart when he was tried for perjury; but District of Columbia juries have become notorious for their inability to understand plain evidence, and for the ease with which they are led astray by high-priced legal talent taking advantage of every technicality the law affords. Colonel Stewart will never be able to convince the independent and open-minded American public that his complacent self-satisfaction with his own actions is justified. We consider Mr. Rockefeller is acting in the public interest by drawing attention as he has done to the Colonel's anomalous position. Since the Rockefeller interest in the Standard Oil of Indiana is only that of a small minority stockholder, and since the other stockholders have shown not the slightest desire to act against Colonel Stewart, the latter will probably win the fight. In either case, however, Mr. Rockefeller will have registered his public protest.

ANOTHER group of forged documents has turned up, involving charges of bribery against members of the United States Senate. This time, it is Senators Norris and Borah against whom the allegation is made. The sum involved is supposed to be something like a hundred thousand dollars each, paid by Russia, presumably for urging recognition of that country by the United States. Similar accusations are made, oddly enough, against Mr. Ivy Lee of New York, the most skillful press agent for big business and big business men, that the country has seen. These documents were submitted to the formality of a Senate investigation, and a committee headed by Senator Reed of Pennsylvania pronounced them to be not only spurious but the clumsiest and most incompetent of forgeries. One would have to be as gullible as William Randolph Hearst to believe them. The manufacture of forged documents is, of course, a well recognized industry in Europe. In Berlin or Paris you can, on short notice order documents showing any plot you wish directed against any nation, and some of these are ingeniously done and plausible. The only question of any interest in regard to the Borah-Norris-Lee lot is why somebody paid good money to have them manufactured at this time. Did the forgers now assume that the United States, for practical business reasons, is about to grant recognition to Soviet Russia, and do what they could to sabotage this move?

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The Mental Age of the Senate

WHEN James E. Reed, the firebrand of Missouri, exhibited in the Senate a map of the world with all the British possessions in the general neighborhood of the United States printed in flaming red, and asked dramatically at what the cannon of Bermuda were aimed if not at the heart of America, the Senators should have rudely guffawed. One might have thought the date was January, 1812. Might not Senator Borah at least have asked: at what is the lack of cannon along the great Canadian frontier aimed if not at the head of America? But the Senate did not laugh Jim Reed out of countenance. On the contrary, Senator Bingham of Connecticut, that stalwart Republican whose constant adulation of the Coolidge virtues has won him a reputation of perfect party regularity, and Senator Moses of rock-ribbed New Hampshire greeted Senator Reed as an ally in the struggle to defeat the President's desire to have the Kellogg treaty ratified without reservations. Virtually a third of the Senators, it is said, sympathize with the remarkable Reed-Bingham-Moses alliance. That third may be just sufficient to tag the reservation tail to the Kellogg kite. Whether it does or not, it represents something in the political tradition of the United States that is worth accounting for.

The same sort of Americanism not only prompted the opponents of the Kellogg treaty, but also led its supporters to give sympathetic attention to their objections. Would the Kellogg treaty prevent an American warship from protecting an American merchantman if it were stopped on the high seas by a British cruiser enforcing a League of Nations blockade against a declared aggressor nation? No. That would be self-defense. Would the Kellogg treaty prevent us from "protecting American lives and property abroad?" No, it would prevent us from doing nothing in that direction which we can now do. Would anybody else have anything to say as to whether, in a given case, we were using arms to defend ourselves? No, we are the sole judge as to what is self-defense; we can defend ourselves as always, no matter whether any other nation thinks our action aggressive or not. Does the Kellogg treaty lead us any nearer to participation in the World Court and the League of Nations? No, it marks no change whatever in our attitude toward those bodies. Does the Kellogg treaty invalidate the Monroe Doctrine? No, we still can assume that exclusive guardianship of a continent under the right of self-defense. Does the Kellogg treaty make any change at all in our international relationships? No, it is merely an announcement that just as we never have fought an unrighteous or aggressive war, we do not intend to do so in the future. It is a gesture of good will. Well, if that is the case, say the nationalistic opponents of the treaty, in effect, let us rob even the gesture of its meaning by talking about cannon aimed at our hearts and attaching reservations which will plainly show that we consider the treaty, if not a scrap of paper to be torn up, at least a scrap of paper on which there is nothing written.

It would be a mistake to overlook the immediate objective of Senators who argue thus. They are, at the present moment, fearful of the fate of the cruiser bill. They are afraid that the Kellogg treaty will be understood by the country as something that makes war a little less likely than it was before, and so will diminish the need for armament. Therefore they want to bring out and intensify its weaknesses as an anti-war instrument, particularly in regard to the reservations or interpretations made by other nations. But if it would be a mistake to fail to take these tactics into account, it would be equally a mistake to fail to look behind the desire for armament. That is not due entirely to the financial interest of arms makers, or to the ambitions of military and naval men for promotion and a big place in the world, or to commercial and banking interests who want to protect trade and investments. The desire for a bigger navy and the hostility to instrumentalities of peace both spring, in the case of many Senators and their supporters, from the same preconceptions. These preconceptions doubtless seem to those who hold them as disinterested and solid as any in the world.

These men who think they are so hard-headed and realistic, who denounce as pacifists all who are struggling to build a world community of nations, are really incorrigible day-dreamers. In their interpretation of history, and especially of American history, they have a mental age of not more than fourteen years. The United States, they believe, was created perfect by a special dispensation of Providence. It made a complete break with the outworn traditions of a wicked Europe. It has been the special guardian of republicanism and of freedom from the kings and emperors of the old world. Since representative government has become more prevalent and has ceased to be regarded by the elite of this country as the *sine qua non* of national virtue (as in the case of Italy) we have become the bulwark against Bolshevism and other socialistic ideas. Now that we are the richest nation on earth, our generosities unappreciated, our power and prosperity envied by all, we must take pains to safeguard our interests. We (that is, the Senate, which is the final guardian of our foreign policy) can always be trusted to do what is right. At any rate, our privilege of deciding each question as it comes up must not be given away in advance in any slightest particular to courts, tribunals, councils or arbitrators, composed in part of citizens of other nations who may be prejudiced against us or may have designs which interfere with our holy mission. The independence of the United States to act exactly as it pleases in any conceivable situation must be asserted as vigorously as our independence of Britain was, when Washington's troops shivered at

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Valley Forge. When other nations claim similar rights, they give evidence of imperialism and militarism which must be prepared against. That is because their designs are selfish and evil. There is no contradiction involved in claiming such rights for ourselves, because we can do no wrong.

This is hardly a caricature of the assumptions which lie at the basis of the conception of foreign policy held by a considerable body of citizens of the United States. It was a natural doctrine to arise in a young and weak nation, forced to struggle against real foreign domination. It was perhaps a necessary sort of loyalty in a world in which there was little public opinion against war and aggression, and no competent machinery for adjusting international disputes. But its survival today is as grotesque as is the survival of childish mental attitudes in an adult individual. The defense mechanism surrounding an inferiority complex in a physically powerful grown-up is dangerous in proportion to its naïveté. And it is just as dangerous to him as it is to his neighbors.

Fortunately there is a large and growing body of opinion on international affairs in the United States which is at least nearing adulthood. It is not constantly afraid that someone will trample on us. It is self-critical enough to insist that the historical purity of our national intentions should be so expressed in the future as to be recognizable by others. Most of those who favor such things as the Kellogg pact probably do not imagine that we should actually ever want to engage in an enterprise which would be thought seriously aggressive by our contemporaries. But at least they are willing to make valid our claim to virtue by some deference to judgment other than our own. Like good citizens of any community, they are willing to submit themselves to law and to peaceable adjudication of disputes as a condition of general submission to these agencies.

It is not necessary to have either a morbid sense that one is usually wrong, or a vapid trust in the generosity of others, in order to prefer law to the rule of the war-club. The adult knows that disputes often arise in which each party has a firm belief that it is right. They know that courts sometimes establish unwise law, or do positive injustice. They know that corruption creeps into government, and that, irrespective of corruption, the administration of what is called "justice," tends to favor the strongest. They admit even that sometimes it is necessary to recast the lines of government, or to establish new ascendancies of power, if not by legal means, then by rebellion or revolution. Yet, with all its imperfections, they prefer government to the uncertainties and losses of no government. To transfer this atitude to international affairs is the obligation of this century. We cannot, in the nature of things, achieve a perfect scheme of international organization ever, or achieve any scheme without trial and error. The obstacles in the way are enormous; the steps must be slow. There will be disagreements as to the best methods of procedure. But the penalties of resort to international violence are as severe as its prevention is difficult. A responsible sense of this fact, and of the task it prudently necessitates, will mark the achievement of adult nationhood in the United States. It will prevent the absurd sort of debate in which the Senate has been forced to indulge by its patriotic schoolboys, these few weeks past.

Nicaragua: The Next Step

DESPITE the return of the American Electoral Mission from Nicaragua and the withdrawal of some of our Marines, the future of this so-called republic remains uncertain. Is the American Government openly to assume some permanent responsibility in this country, such as Dr. Cumberland recommended in his recent report? Is it to adopt a hands-off policy and allow the Nicaraguans to work out their own destiny? Or will it, while professing to regard Nicaragua as an independent state, find some indirect and surreptitious means for perpetuating its control? Such are the choices confronting President-elect Hoover.

Unfortunately, signs point in favor of the last-named course. We make this statement because of the renewed zeal displayed in official and other quarters in behalf of the construction by the United States of the Nicaraguan Canal. Such an enterprise will mean the occupation of the heart of the republic by the United States, and will make Nicaragua an American protectorate for all time. At the time of President-elect Hoover's recent visit to Corinto, the press published enthusiastic accounts of the Nicaraguan engineering project—a project which is being advocated by the New York Herald Tribune and by President Moncada, whose sympathies with the State Department are well known. Senator Edge a few days ago revived his bill authorizing a survey of the route.

Proponents advocate the construction of this canal upon economic and strategic grounds. They declare that the Panama Canal will soon be utilized to capacity and that another canal is therefore necessary for expanding commercial needs. They argue that should the Panama Canal be taken by a future enemy our naval communications between the East and West Coasts would be cut, with disastrous consequences.

What are these arguments worth? In the first place, there is no present economic need for another canal. The Panama authorities estimate that the existing canal will not reach its capacity until 1960; and last April Secretary of War Davis declared that the traffic through the canal could be quadrupled by building additional locks and by opening the canal to traffic after six o'clock in the evening. The cost of building a third set of locks at Panama would be $100,000,000, in comparison with a cost of constructing the Nicaragua canal of

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a billion dollars. From the economic standpoint, the advocates of the Nicaragua route have failed to make a case.

The strategic argument stands on no better ground. It is all very well for the military men who draw up plans of strategy and chart out war games to discuss the possibility that the Panama Canal will be captured by "the enemy" and to demand the annexation of territory in order to ward off such an eventuality. But to those who are aware of the realities of international life, such possibilities and such policies can only be fantastic. The strategic argument could be used to justify the construction of naval bases in Haiti and Santo Domingo and the annexation of all foreign territory in the Caribbean which now is a potential "menace" to our "security." It was Lord Salisbury who once said that if the military men had their way they would annex Mars in order to protect their communications! Once we succumb to the strategic complex we will be tempted to annex half the earth. As far as the Panama Canal is concerned, many strategists already feel that this canal is impregnable. Obviously the construction of a new canal would simply increase our problem of defense and give our militarists another argument for increasing the navy. It is certainly less difficult and less costly to defend one canal than two.

In the famous Bryan-Chamorro treaty of 1914, the United States secured from the Nicaraguan Government the exclusive right to construct this canal, and it is upon the basis of this treaty that the friends of the canal propose to act. The Bryan-Chamorro treaty was negotiated when the Nicaraguan Government was heavily in debt to foreign bondholders—when it was badly in need of outside financial aid. We negotiated this treaty with a government dominated by American Marines. In a speech in the Senate in 1915, Mr. Elihu Root asked: "Can we afford to make a treaty so serious for Nicaragua . . . with a President who, we have reason to believe, does not represent more than a quarter of the people of the country and who is maintained in office by our military force and to whom we would, as a result of this treaty, pay a large sum of money . . .?" Despite this protest, the United States entered into this treaty, and in return for an option on the canal route paid to Nicaragua the sum of $3,000,000. Did this sum go to the construction of public works? Did it go to the erection of hospitals and schools? Did it go to the promotion of agriculture? Not at all. The whole of this sum went to pay off the claims of foreign and domestic creditors including the notorious Emery claim and the Ethelburga loan. Nothing went for productive purposes.

This treaty led to violent protests from neighboring republics. Costa Rica and Salvador both claimed that Nicaragua had no right to cede this option, nor to lease certain islands to the United States. In previous treaties Nicaragua had promised to consult these republics before making arrangements for a canal, but Nicaragua had negotiated the Bryan-Chamorro treaty in secrecy and stealth. The case was taken to the Central American Court of Justice, a tribunal established in 1907 with the blessings of the United States. And the Central Amerian Court upheld Costa Rica's and Salvador's contention. Neither Nicaragua nor the United States paid any attention to this decision; the Bryan-Chamorro treaty continued in force; the Court passed out of existence. It was this treaty which prevented the Central American Republics from establishing a confederation of Central America at the San José conference in 1921.

We understand that the State Department is now attempting to remove Costa Rica's objections to the 1914 treaty by negotiation. Even if these negotiations succeed, we do not believe that such a canal, should it later become necessary, should be constructed upon the basis of the present treaty. As a matter of international policy, the future arteries of world commerce should not be placed under the exclusive control of a single power. The Suez Canal was placed under a type of international guarantee in the Convention of Constantinople signed by nine governments in 1888. Freedom of international commerce for Kiel Canal is guaranteed by the Treaty of Versailles. The Straits of the Dardanelles are under the supervision of an international commission authorized in the Treaty of Lausanne. The Panama Canal is under a less generous regime. In the Hay-Pauncefote treaty of 1901, we granted Great Britain the right to use this canal; but the vagueness of the guarantee, limited as it was to Great Britain, was revealed in the subsequent dispute between the two governments of the right of the United States to exempt its coastwise shipping from canal tolls.

A desire has already been expressed that existing international guarantees in regard to straits, canals and other arteries of world commerce should be made more precise. Obviously the internationalization of these arteries, placing them beyond the exclusive control of any single state in time of peace or of war would solve many strategic problems. We do not expect that the United States will ever surrender its exclusive control over the Panama Canal, but we do feel that should economic necessity eventually justify the construction of the Nicaragua Canal, it should be done only after the negotiation of an international or inter-American treaty removing all legitimate objections of neighboring states and providing for its neutralization and for complete equality of rights for all nations.

There is reason to believe that the proponents of the Nicaragua Canal are not so much concerned in economic and strategic considerations as in fastening upon Nicaragua the permanent control of the United States. The method which they advocate is in keeping with the methods which we have in the past employed. We have professed our belief in

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the doctrine of state equality and yet we have firmly gripped Nicaragua, Haiti and Santo Domingo. Instead of honestly taking over these countries and elevating their social status, we have meddled, first here and then there, and the excuses for our interventions have been as varied as the method. Through it all we hide behind the fiction of "sovereignty." We gain the "consent" of the country by setting up trinket governments who "invite" us to come in and who sign "treaties" sanctioning our conduct. Our Latin-American policy is in bad odor abroad not so much because of our interferences as because of our hypocrisy. The canal project, we fear, is another method of indirection. It is time that we should be honest with ourselves.

America Sees the World

TEMPERATE climates—by which one means, as a rule, those that are very frequently intemperate—are supposed to be those in which a high degree of civilization finds most congenial soil. There are, of course, some inconvenient exceptions to this rule. Alexandria once had a civilization of a sort,and so did Babylon, Athens, Jerusalem, Carthage and Rome. The modern foci of great achievement, however, do seem to lie where the weather has at least the capacity to be abominable. We need only mention Berlin, Paris, London and New York. One is solemnly told that excessive cold and dampness, by giving the intolerably lazy race of man something to combat, inspire a surplus of energy. It is a good, puritanic theory, as sound as most puritanic theories, and America is an excellent example of the way it works. The driving power in American history came from New England. The early New Englanders, exacerbated by having to get out of bed on winter mornings in houses which had no central heating systems, spread westward, drove ox teams across the plains to Oregon and California, destroyed slavery, invented more machinery than we have yet learned how to use with complete satisfaction, and laid the foundations for our prodigious national wealth. How many achievements, how many reforms, do we not owe to those unhappy moments when the sterling race which made this republic what it is today stood in its bare feet on icy floors in temperatures which made red woolen underwear of no more avail than gossamer.

But it must be evident, even to the most casual observer, that the decadence which overtook so many stalwart peoples before us now threatens us also. We do no refer to the rush of population from the chilly agricultural regions into the steam-heated cities, nor to the alarming increase in the number of divorces, nor to the multiplication of books which the paternal municipality of Boston will not permit its tender-minded citizens to read, nor even to the spread of pastel-hued pajamas among the male descendants of the pioneers. More fundamental in its causes, more relaxing in its effects, is the growth of the winter travel habit. A nation which owes its prosperity, if not its very existence, to some months of vile weather in every calendar year, ought to be sufficiently grateful to that weather to be willing to put up with it. But it is clear that the superior classes in the United States are entirely devoid of such a sentiment. In growing numbers those who can go away do so. Business men take vacations in the middle of the busiest season. Society abandons its box at the opera to bask at Palm Beach, play golf at Altadena or exhibit its pearls along the Riviera. New York City manages to have a social life, but it cannot be said that it any longer has a social season.

The familiar rounds are not enough. A trip to Europe is no longer anything to come home and deliver a lecture to the Ladies' Aid about. So many people go to Europe nowadays on such a small expenditure of money that there is no distinction in it. To make any impression upon one's fellow clubman or one's neighbor at dinner one must fare a good deal further, though not necessarily a good deal worse. The badge of superiority is to be able to speak condescendingly of the Taj Mahal and the cataracts of the Nile, of the Tombs of the Mings and the Road to Mandalay. Nobody in these sophisticated times would think of writing a two-volume book about such a hackneyed jaunt as Mark Twain described in "Innocents Abroad."

The best people are being driven more and more to going round the world. It is true that this can be done for as little as $1,250, but when one adds in the cost of tips, masquerade costumes for the merry times on shipboard, shopping expenses in Shanghai, Bombay and Cairo, and other little odds and ends of half a year away from home, it mounts up to a respectable sum. Furthermore, most passengers pay more than the minimum. If one takes his family round the world it means something. One can blow in $10,000 and up, with next to no effort. A round-the-world tour may be made as impressively expensive as one chooses. One may complicate it by playing golf in Korea, shooting tigers in India or going across the Sahara to Timbuctoo in a motor car. And this is what the descendants of the Puritans—for our dominant Americans are all that, either biologically or spiritually—are more and more taking to. They are playing truant under the impression that they are seeing the world. Is this an expression of stay-at-home enviousness? Very likely. Yet if one pauses to consider the individual constituents of this tide of traveling Americans, one may discover bluebottles in the ointment. Who travels? The natively rich, of course. They have always been able to travel, even when travel meant sailing vessels and post-chaises. But the natively rich are not yet in the majority among those who travel expensively. At least they do not make the most noise.

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No, our conspicuous travelers are persons who have made good in a big way. They have found that a poor ranch might be a first-class oil field. They have built up small businesses and sold them at a profit to large businesses. They have laid out subdivisions and realized upon the gregariousness of their fellows. They have made money in all the good, bad and indifferent ways in which it is possible to make money in a modern democracy. Some of them have been of service to their fellows. But all this has taken time. They have devoted the best years of their youth and middle age to accomplishing what has seemed to them the first duty of man —that is, to making money. They have lost the hair and the slim figures with which they first assumed this solemn task. Their manners and standards have been fixed by their environment. If to travel is to subject oneself to the cultural influences of other lands and peoples, they have really lost the power to travel. They have also lost the power to amuse themselves, except in the limited fashion prescribed by the mores of the class into which they have climbed. They have played golf and bridge, talked politics and business—that, to borrow the words of Maupassant, has been their whole life. They would feel a secret shame in sitting down for three months to read about the world in which they live, for reading, seriously undertaken, is under taboo in their circle. Travel costs more and hence has more prestige. It is practical, and they are, above all, practical men. Their wives have perhaps prepared more diligently for the great adventure, because women have more time and because a woman can belong to a study club without loss of caste. But each of them is performing a feat comparable with any of the labors of Hercules. Each is carrying around the world, to Burma and to Africa, to Siam and to Hawaii, the town or city in which he or she first hardened into maturity. The best travelers are young—young enough to dance all night, to make love half a dozen times to half a dozen girls in half a dozen days, young enough to visit the Acropolis by moonlight, young enough to get in and out of scrapes in every port, young enough to believe most of the things that strangers tell them, young enough to drink a country in with its wine. Some persons are born too old for this. If so, they should not travel.

Be that as it may—and unhappily things do have a way in this most unavoidable of all possible worlds of being as they may—our typical long-range tourists have lost whatever youth they may once have had. They have lost the capacity to adventure and to change. They are not looking for new experience, but running away from an old experience—call it climate, call it a vague dissatisfaction with the lines along which their lives have run. To describe this as travel is much the same as saying that a person who has seen a motion picture of an elephant hunt in Siam has traveled. An elderly fat gentleman may have been boosted up the Pyramids, one after another; he may have been carried by six porters in a palanquin; he may have inspected several dozen of the isles of Greece concerning which burning Sappho sang, but he will remain an elderly fat gentleman. Likewise, if he started his tour as a stalwart Republican and a cookie manufacturer, he will end it as a stalwart Republican and a cookie manufacturer. Obviously he will be under the impression that he has passed the world in review. But the heaven of travel is like that mentioned in the New Testament. We cannot enter it except we become as little children. And the average successful American does not travel as a little child. He has lost most of that modesty which characterized Americans abroad when Mark Twain went to Palestine in the "Quaker City." The World War and its aftermath have given him a final touch of confidence. He sees America lending money to all the world, maintaining a higher standard of living than the rest of the world, teaching the rest of the world how to manage its affairs. His country is undeniably superior in all those realities which his whole life has taught him to respect. What is left is for him a museum piece, a picture on the wall, a sunset from which he willingly turns to sit down to a hot dinner. He has escaped—but into what? He travels his 24,000 miles in a kind of vacuum.

We do not set down these words in a spirit of discouragement over travel, travelers or our own countrymen. The truth of the matter is, simply put, that America has grown rich enough to export a good deal of travel, but is still too poor to export much of the culture that is the only really sound reason for travel. America will not be able to see the world, in any profound sense, until it has learned to see a little more deeply into its own soul. The good traveler must be humble, and those who are doing most of our traveling are conspicuously incapable of realizing that there is anything for an American to be humble about. The ancestral Puritan reasserts himself. What have we to learn from nations who never froze their fingers doing the chores?

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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The Real Cost of Reparations

FOR THE second time in its recent history, Europe is nearing the moment when the banker must play the part of dictator. Five years ago he replaced the soldier as the arbiter of a continent's destiny. Under the Dawes Plan a creditable imitation of peace has become the framework of our daily lives. Germany has worked, and France has desisted from military adventure. It has been a period of recuperation, and of almost feverish reorganization in industry. The isolation of the early post-war years is over. The great political industries of France and Germany work together in the Steel Cartel, and in the world of diplomacy, Locarno reflects their new spirit of co-operation.

By common consent, the moment has arrived to review the Dawes Plan. The first of its "normal" years has begun: can Germany bear the full weight of the prescribed tribute? France, with her currency at last stabilized, faces the painful necessity of paying her American debt. Can she set the asset against the liability? Can she use the annual yield of reparations, to cover her eventual payments to the United States and Great Britain? Very naturally, at this juncture, the suggestion emerges that if Germany's total liability could be assessed, her debt to the Allies might be capitalized and commercialized, floated as a loan on the international market, and applied to cancel out the Allied debts. One cannot, however, treat this operation as a cold financial transaction. The banker must operate, if he consents to consider this complicated transaction, in the world which the politicians and the admirals have made for him. A less propitious moment, after the failure at Geneva, and the folly of the Anglo-French compromise, could hardly have been chosen for a conversation about money across the Atlantic. Nor are the relations among the three European powers the happiest they have known. Little is left of Locarno, save Sir Austen Chamberlain's Garter. Germany looks sullenly on the bond, amounting morally to an alliance, which appears to unite her Western neighbors against her. In words, we have the British government's assurance that it desires the end of the Rhineland occupation, and does not regard it as a relevant factor in the negotiations over the Dawes payments. The French are franker. They are using their treaty rights and their bayonets on the Rhine to drive a hard financial bargain. They will end this humiliating occupation only in return for "guarantees," which must cover both their reparation charges and their foreign debts. That is a naked use of military power to extract a financial advantage. In fact, though the instrument of extortion is applied, in the Rhine valley, to the body of the German nation, the blackmail is also directed against the investing public of America. For only if it can be persuaded to subscribe to a titanic international loan will France receive anything which in her view will constitute a new fact, a "guarantee" solid enough to balance the loss of the military strangle-hold.

Into this tense atmosphere the Agent-General of the Dawes Plan has burst, with a report which has startled all who supposed that they knew something of Germany's economic condition. It would, perhaps, be naïve to treat it as an objective essay in economics. Mr. Parker Gilbert is a statesman of finance. His concern may be rather with the effect of the written word than with its scientific truth. He has before him the hazardous and adventurous task of commercializing this German political debt. He may realize that the American public is not at the moment in a receptive mood toward any appeal from Europe, nor, while the rage of speculation lasts, is it interested in bonds of any kind. He may have realized the Germans in their pleas for a reduction of the "normal" Dawes annuity, are exaggerating their own national poverty, and injuring their own credit. His report, in the available summaries, reads like a sharp corrective, administered by a conscious tactician, against the clumsier mistakes of his clients. It will stimulate the always lively expectations of the French. It will certainly destroy any hope of scaling downwards the contributions fixed by the Dawes Plan. But it may ease the difficult process of commercializing this debt. Success in that venture would inevitably involve a big reduction in Germany's annual charges, though at the cost of prolonging the term of her indebtedness. On this reading, one may guess at the motive of the report, but one does not the more readily surrender to its reasoning.

Mr. Gilbert is, of course, in a position to give his German protégé a certificate of honesty. Every instalment of the Dawes annuities has been fully and punctually met. The coal, the coke, the dyestuffs and the rest of the deliveries in kind have been handed over to the Allies; while the German taxpayer has paid the miners, the chemists and the industrialists for their services. Somehow, also, the payments in cash have been met: it was always possible, without injuring the exchange, to buy foreign values to the necessary amount in return for marks. All this is true, but in what sense is it important? As a social fact it may matter profoundly: the German taxpayer has shouldered his burden: year by year his income has been reduced on account of reparations. On the internal economy of the country they have left their trace, and affected the distribution of wealth. But as an economic fact in the world's life, is it possible to say

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that Germany has paid across her frontiers any sum whatever? The ascertainable figures tell all the other way. Germany has paid only by borrowing, and she has borrowed much more than she has paid. One recalls the statement in Mr. Coolidge's Armistice Day speech, which rested presumably on the Treasury's data, that

> since 1924 Germany has paid in reparations about $1,300,000,000, and our people have lent to national, state, and municipal governments, and to corporations in Germany, a little over $1,100,000,000.

When one adds to these American loans the smaller but still considerable totals of British, Dutch, Swiss and other foreign loans and investments, it is obvious that Germany's balance, in her account with the rest of the world, has been throughout this period passive. Indeed, Dr. Schacht, the head of the Reichsbank, has stated in L'Europe Nouvelle that German borrowings abroad amount in this period to $2,500,000,000, and even if one halves this total, so as to exclude short-term credits, the conclusion is still the same. The same moral leaps from the trade returns. During the first three full years of the scheme, (1924-1927) the excess of imports over exports amounted to $1,500,000,000. It may be, as Mr. Gilbert points out, that the trade figures show an improvement in the latter months of this year, but they are still far from supporting the interpretation that Germany has even now begun to send abroad, in real goods and services, values equivalent to the reparation payments with which she is credited.

But, indeed, throughout his argument, one feels that Mr. Gilbert has overshot his mark. It is true that real wages are again at the pre-war level. It is certainly true that the output of industry is higher, when one allows for the lost territories. The potential output, were markets available, is doubtless very much greater. But it is not true that German wealth has been restored to the old level. Mr. Gilbert quotes the returns of the savings-banks (a more important institution, and a surer index of prosperity, than they are elsewhere). They show a remarkable progress since 1924, when inflation had virtually wiped out savings. But it would have been more candid on his part to measure these figures also by the pre-war level. At the end of 1913, deposits in the Reichs Sparkasse stood at 18,306,000,000 marks. At the end of 1925, they had dropped to one-twelfth (1,612,000,000). In September, 1928, they stood at 6,372,000,000. Nominally, then, German savings stand at one-third of the pre-war level: in purchasing power they do not represent a quarter of the old value. Few of us (save the very few who saw Germany, as I did, early in 1919) have realized the colossal destruction of capital which the War caused in Germany. Save in munition plants, there had been no replacement of machinery: rolling stock was in ruin and the railroad tracks in perilous disrepair: house property and roads showed the same neglect, and even the fields, stinted of manure, gave a starved yield. The Allies must have their ships and their rolling stock. Inflation and the isolation which went with it delayed the period of restoration, and wiped out savings. It is only from 1925 onwards that the renewal of all this wasted capital has taken place. It has been done thoroughly, scientifically, with ruthless scrapping of obsolete plant. But it has been done mainly by foreign borrowing. Native capital is still so scarce and so dear that 10 percent is regarded as the normal rate of interest. Germany is ripe, after the rationalization of her coal mines, her iron and steel works and her chemical industries, for a gigantic effort of production. But it is capacity for production, rather than realized wealth, which has been restored.

One may well pause, before the bankers hurry us into this momentous transaction, to survey its social and political meaning. It seems at a first glance to have overwhelming advantages. It will end the Rhineland occupation, the worst remaining symbol of the cruel era of Versailles, the ugliest vestige of the passions and injustices of victory. It will convert Germany's obligation from a forced political debt, guaranteed only by coercion, into an ordinary commercial debt, guaranteed by her own good faith. That is to remove from Europe two of the three worst irritants which vex it—the third being its unequal law of disarmament. Can any reasonable man hesitate to welcome this change? And yet there are grounds for a certain hesitation. In the first place, unless the total obligation, and consequently the annual charge, is fixed at a figure very much lower than the French expect and demand, can one feel sure of Germany's capacity to pay? If, as seems to be the case, she has paid nothing as yet, or rather, has paid only by borrowings, it is surely a speculative reckoning that in future years she will contrive to pay her dues with comparative ease. Is she to go on borrowing, and make a practice, as imperial Russia did, of paying the interest on past loans by continually adding to her debts? But unsound finance is not the only risk. By recapitalizing her industries, with the aid, chiefly, of the American investor, Germany is creating between herself and the United States a relationship unique in history. It is the economic relationship between metropolis and colony, but without the usual political and sentimental ties. It has already gone so far that, if one includes the railway and industrial bonds mortgaged for reparations, the foreign investor now owns one-fourth of Germany. That is the calculation which one of the ablest German statisticians, Dr. Robert Kuczynski, gave in a recent article in The Nation (November 7).[1] Exact figures in such matters are difficult to compile, and few statisticians would risk an estimate of the British share in India or South

[1] He estimates the total value of German property at fifty or sixty billion dollars, of which foreigners own from thirteen to fifteen billions.

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Africa. But one hardly supposes that it can be proportionately much greater than this. But this foreign capital, which is so rapidly acquiring Germany, is mainly American. Can it, in the tempests of the future, avoid adopting a protective attitude to its debtor? Must it not, in emergency, shelter him, at need, against the military power of France, and the commercial jealousy of Great Britain? It is a relationship which may, before many years are over, transform the politics of the Old World, rearrange the balance of power, and make an end of what is left of the American tradition of isolation. One can hardly own a country, its railways, its buildings and its factories, without becoming involved in its political fortunes and misfortunes.

One begins to discern the shape of the economic pattern which this curse of reparations is making in the world. Germany stands today more nearly ready than she has ever yet been for the role assigned to her. She must become an exporter, if she is to earn the interest on all these borrowings, on a scale to which there is no parallel in European economic history. Stripped and spare of flesh, a productive athlete, her industrial population must immensely expand its exports, while it tightens its belt and restrains its consumption within the most modest limits. It must invade every neutral market, competing ruthlessly with the industries of all its neighbors, under-cutting where need be, and dumping on occasion—an unenviable and unpopular role. Today it still hears the crack of the Allied whip, and the rumble of the guns on the Rhine bridges. But if the compulsion be shifted, until it seems that Germany must work at this pace, and stint herself of every self-indulgence in order to pay interest to the American investor, will she always remember the origin of her burden?

In their social consequences, it is manifest that the burden of reparations is in fact falling rather on the workers and salaried ranks of all grades, than on the few owners of Germany's extravagantly remunerated capital. Rationalization has proceeded on typically European lines, on the basis of low wages. The official cost-of-living index has moved from 139 in 1925 to 152 in November, 1928. But there has been no appreciable expansion of mass purchasing power to keep pace with the immense increase in the capacity of industry to produce. It happens that one can measure the purchasing power of the masses more easily in Germany than elsewhere, since a percentage is deducted from all wages and salaries (the level of exemption excluding only the poorest grade of casual and unskilled workers) at the pay-desk. The yield of this income tax is not appreciably higher today[1] than it was in 1925, and it would seem to follow that (given the rise in prices) there can have been no general increase in "real" wages and salaries.

[1] The monthly yield averaged 123 million marks in 1925 and stood at 126 millions in October, 1928.

The strategy of industry, though it is carrying mechanization in the coal mines and metallurgical trades to a pitch hitherto without example in Europe, is evidently to aim, not merely at a low aggregate wage bill: it is also striving to keep the level of wages low. To any demand for an increase, even when the men have an arbitral award behind them, it opposes an obstinate resistance. The recent lockout in the iron industry ended, indeed, in a compromise. But it involved a partial surrender by the State, and its net result (since hours were reduced out of proportion to the slight increase in wage rates) will apparently be a reduction in the purchasing power of the men. This formidable modernized industry, then, will be American in its technique, but European in its economics. It makes the utmost use of science, and of labor-saving machinery, but it rests upon a restricted and stagnant home market. It is designed for foreign conquest, rather than the service of the home consumer. High interest rates for its hired native capital, the tribute due to the foreign investor, and high taxation, leave a modest residue of the product of industry for distribution among the salaried and wage-earning staff. The level of average real wages in Germany, according to the International Labor Office, stands at an index of 70, as compared with 100 in London and 185 in Philadelphia. It is not a pleasing contrast to contemplate, and it has its effects far beyond the German frontier. This low standard of life in an industrious nation, equipped with all that science and organization can teach, is an incessant threat to the higher British level of wages.

Nor do these conditions spring merely from the unconscious logic of reparations. In his advice to the German government, Mr. Parker Gilbert has felt it to be his duty to throw his influence against any raising of the low standards, whether through higher wages, or through social expenditure. The present report contains a protest against the raising of official salaries. The memorandum of 1927 was still more explicit. It objected to the Education Bill then before the Reichstag (assuredly, for other reasons a bad bill) on the ground that it would involve heavy expenditure for additional school buildings. It went on to oppose any raising of official salaries, because such a step must lead eventually to a general rise of wage-levels. The social meaning of reparations could hardly have been more clearly stated.[1] This nation must live thriftily; what it produces is not its own: it must

[1] "The tendency toward higher prices already exists . . . it would be greatly stimulated if, as now seems probable, the government's salary proposals should lead, on the one hand, to demands for similar increases in general business and industry, and on the other to increased railway tariffs and the like. Manifestly all these developments tend to raise the costs of production and thus to diminish the capacity . . . to compete for export. . . . The tendency [to higher prices] is enhanced by the additional purchasing power which is being placed in the hands of the public by the increasing expenditures of the Reich and the States and Communes."—Memorandum, dated October 20, 1927.

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consume little, export much, and learn to bridle its ambition for over-much schooling.

At this point an Englishman writing for American readers must close his analysis. An attempt to carry it further would lead to the perilous subject of the Allied debt. On that thorny matter one is content that American liberals should speak, as they have already spoken, with breadth and wisdom.

H. N. BRAILSFORD.

The Injunction Comes to Wisconsin

TWO LABOR disputes, each of which culminated in a court action, characterized by unique features, have received much publicity in Wisconsin during recent months. One dispute involves 350 former employees in the Allen A Hosiery Company's mill at Kenosha, thirty-five miles south of Milwaukee, while the other is between 760 men's clothing workers and David Adler and Sons, whose shops are in Milwaukee.

Milwaukee is an important hosiery center, and collective bargaining obtains between the manufacturers and the highly skilled knitters. The knitters are members of the Federation of Full-fashioned Hosiery Workers, a branch of the United Textile Workers which is affiliated with the American Federation of Labor. The knitters doubtless regarded with misgivings the large open-shop Allen A Company: to allow this firm, so near Milwaukee, to continue unmolested in its policy of union opposition might lead to difficulties with the unionized establishments. It would be possible, conceivably, for a time to maintain a division of the industry between union and open-shop concerns, but any such arrangement could not fail to be unstable. Here, as elsewhere, if organized labor is to remain strong, it must grow; otherwise, union standards are imperilled by "nibbling" activities of non-union firms.

Consequently, when the union inaugurated an organizing campaign among the Allen A Company's knitters, its strategy was based on the theory that the offensive is the best defense. The company, however, evidently held the same view: in announcing the impending introduction of "the two-machine system," apparently it anticipated union action. This system, because it requires that each knitter tend two machines instead of one, and provides him with two helpers in place of the customary one, violates the union's rules. Opinions may differ whether this is a legitimate "restriction of output," but the knitters are firm in their belief that the rule is a necessary protection against the danger of overstrain on the one hand, and, on the other, against the menace of unemployment resultant both from the reduced need for knitters and the additional potential supply through a marked increase in the number of helpers. (If the knitters are familiar with the orthodox economic theory that more machinery, by lowering the price of the commodity, brings about more than a corresponding increase in demand, possibly they are skeptical of the theory's application in their case. And others besides knitters may doubt whether the "two-machine system" would cause the feminine half of the population to increase appreciably its present enormous demand for silk hosiery.) Contemporaneous with the announcement about new machinery, the company requested the knitters to sign "yellow dog contracts" which would have bound them not to belong to any union while in its employ—a proposal calculated to precipitate trouble, irrespective of the policy the union might decide upon concerning the number of machines.

There ensued what was variously described as a strike or a lockout of 200 knitters, all of whom are men, and nearly all youthful and of American birth. They were joined in sympathy by 150 girl toppers. Picketing began immediately, and at first was carried on in a peaceful manner. However, feeling developed because of the discharge of relatives not involved in the controversy, and because of the importation of strike-breakers and labor spies. Some minor acts of violence occurred. The Allen A Company then applied in Milwaukee before Federal District Judge F. A. Geiger for a restraining order prohibiting picketing and other alleged interference with the conduct of business. Judge Geiger issued an injunction forbidding all picketing by former employees.

Only a short time elapsed when the company charged twenty-six of the knitters with contempt of court because of a criminal conspiracy to violate the injunction, specifying picketing and acts of violence. At this point the unique feature of the knitters' case arose. The usual procedure has been for the judge to determine whether participants in such an alleged conspiracy are guilty, and, so finding, to decide on his sole responsibility the appropriate punishment. In this instance, however, Joseph Padway, union attorney, on the authority of the Clayton Act requested a jury trial. Judge Geiger acceded to the request, for the Michaelson case decided in 1924 by the United States Supreme Court interpreted the Clayton Act as making a jury trial mandatory when criminal conspiracy to violate a federal injunction is charged. This case reversed the practice of federal judges who for ten years, following the passage of the Clayton Act in 1914, had construed the Act as making the calling of a jury optional, and invariably had exercised their option by refusing requests for a jury.

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The unions of the country therefore watched with interest the outcome of this trial in Milwaukee, regarding it as a final test to determine the value of the remaining provision, seemingly possessed of legal teeth, in "Labor's Magna Charta" of 1914. The jury, after five days of testimony and four hours of deliberation, returned a verdict of not guilty.

The outcome appears to justify the faith of labor leaders that juries are apt to be more kindly disposed toward the union cause than the type of judge whose social philosophy induces him to issue drastic injunctions. In this instance, Judge Geiger, an appointee of President Taft, went farther than Chief Justice Taft, who, in the Tri-cities Steel Foundries case, thought it desirable to permit at least one picket ("missionary" was the Chief Justice's term), at each point of entrance and exit to the plant. But one doubts whether the not-guilty verdict in progressive Wisconsin entitles labor to assume that other juries under other circumstances always will see their way through a maze of legal technicalities to the essential issues at stake in any struggle to establish collective bargaining. Probably the implication was justified in the remarks of an official of another union when, on congratulating Louis Budenz, Editor of Labor Age and one of the twenty-six acquitted by the jury, he exclaimed: "What did I tell you? You are not in New Jersey now—no Milwaukee jury would find you guilty!"

Skepticism concerning the efficacy of the jury trial is further strengthened by more recent developments. A new group of hosiery workers was arrested and haled before Judge Geiger; they were accused of picketing. On this occasion the charge was one of civil instead of criminal contempt. The company claimed losses were incurred because of injury to its business in consequence of picketing, and that it was therefore entitled to collect damages. The union attorney again argued the Clayton Act required a jury trial. Judge Geiger denied this, ruling that the feature of civil contempt could be separated from any criminal aspects present. In conformity with this ruling, the entire group of twenty-seven was found guilty and fined one hundred dollars each. When payment was refused by the workers, all of them—including nine women—were committed on indeterminate sentences to the house of correction. There they remained for varying periods until mass-meetings in Milwaukee and Chicago raised the necessary $2,700, which was transferred to the Allen A Company. This second case makes clear that even the protection afforded by the Clayton Act's jury-trial provision is tenuous; for, if the precedent established by Judge Geiger should be followed, hostile employers can succeed in greatly weakening the union position in court actions under the injunction, simply by making the charge one of civil rather than of criminal contempt —thereby circumventing the necessity of persuading a jury. Be it noted that the new procedure, although "civil" in nature, by means of the device of jail sentences through failure to pay fines, results in a type of punishment suitable to a criminal offense.

More encouraging to organized labor was the outcome of the legal contest between the Adler Company and the Amalgamated Clothing Workers. In the manufacture of men's clothing, Milwaukee plays a minor role, ranking as a part of the important Chicago section of the industry. But, although the output and number of employees of the Milwaukee firms is relatively small, the bearing of these establishments on the competitive situation is significant enough to induce the union to fight strenuously against the Adler Company's effort to throw over its agreement with the union. To permit the entering wedge of the open shop in territory formerly held would invite further encroachments, in Chicago as well as in Milwaukee. When the company broke off relations with the union in April, the Amalgamated therefore prepared to use all its power to restore union conditions.

Picketing began at once, and the Adler Company retaliated by petitioning for an injunction prohibiting all picketing. Perhaps the union was fortunate in that its case could not come up in federal court: the Adler Company's plea had to be presented before one of the judges of the state circuit court, because, unlike the Allen A Company, it was not incorporated outside of Wisconsin. The state statutes require forty-eight hours' notice before an injunction can be issued in a labor dispute. This permitted the Amalgamated attorney, William Quick, a member of the machinists' union, to prepare his argument against affirmative action on the company's petition.

The brief respite was used to such advantage that, after Judge Gustave G. Gehrz had listened to the opposing arguments, he decided to hear testimony bearing on the origins of the dispute—this to determine whether the union or the company had "breached the contract" which had governed their relations for nine years. Obviously, if the company was the wrong-doer, it was not "coming into court with clean hands," a circumstance which might have a bearing on the redress appropriate. Twelve days of testimony were needed to settle this issue. At the close of the hearing Judge Gehrz found that the company had violated its agreement with the union on a number of counts—among them, refusal to arbitrate the points in controversy—and that the dispute was therefore a lockout rather than a strike. He ruled some weeks later, after his efforts at conciliation had failed, that the company was liable for a considerable sum of back wages due the union members for the period from the time the lockout began until the end of April, when the agreement with the union terminated. In the meantime, Judge Gehrz had issued a restraining order designed to regulate the activities of *both* sides; its most important features were that it placed no limit on the number of pickets, and restrained the company from "maliciously" attempting to induce the locked-

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out workers to sign "yellow dog contracts."

An outgrowth of the clothing workers' dispute is the establishment by the union of its own shop, in which are employed a large proportion of those locked out. The shop is on a contract basis, disposing of its output to the large Chicago firm of Hart, Schaffner and Marx. This new move of the Amalgamated's is one more indication of its willingness to adopt an advanced strategy. Equally noteworthy is the sense of responsibility to the industry evidenced by Hart, Schaffner and Marx. The firm's action can be interpreted only as cooperation with the union to the end that, throughout the industry, minimum standards of work and wages shall be maintained by means of collective bargaining—a stabilizing measure of benefit to both labor and capital. Doubtless clothing manufacturers throughout the country who have permitted themselves to flirt with the idea of establishing open shops as a panacea for their troubles are now less likely to be attracted by the imagined charms of that method of dealing with their employees.

More tentative are the conclusions to be drawn directly from the court cases. But it seems clear, from a comparison of events since each judge assumed jurisdiction, that the milder form of control which permits regulated picketing in numbers—the method followed by Judge Gehrz—is more conducive to law and order than the drastic injunction prohibiting all picketing, typified by Judge Geiger's treatment of the knitters. Numerous acts of violence have occurred in Kenosha as an outgrowth of the dispute there. Indications point to Communists and labor spies as responsible for much of this, but it is doubtful whether either class of disturbers could function effectively if it were not for a sense of injustice rankling in the minds of the knitters—a psychology which in no small part had its origin in the terms of the injunction. In contrast to the bombing, shooting and chronic state of excitement in Kenosha, since Judge Gehrz assumed jurisdiction in the clothing workers' dispute few untoward acts in Milwaukee have occurred—a result made possible through the desire of the clothing workers to coöperate with Judge Gehrz because they are convinced that "he wants to be fair to us."

The committees in Congress shaping proposed legislation intended to limit the use of the injunction in labor disputes would find, through an intensive study of these two Wisconsin cases, much to support the thesis that peace as well as justice is best served by a minimum of court intervention in disputes between employers and employees. Congressional committees would also find evidence to support the view of the conservative former Senator Pepper of Pennsylvania, that respect for our courts would be enhanced if many judges were not so eager to follow a course which in effect amounts to taking sides with the employer.

Congress may or may not enact legislation this year with the object of limiting the proneness of too many federal judges to plunge the courts into complicated labor disputes—disputes as to the merits of which they profess to be uninterested, but concerning which they none the less act in a manner that, unconsciously or not, is based upon an interpretation of unionism derived from eighteenth-century common law and little knowledge of the significance of changes in employer-employee relations which were inaugurated by the Industrial Revolution more than a hundred and fifty years ago. In the meantime, public opinion in Wisconsin points the way toward a workable solution of this whole vexed problem. Through advanced legislation on the use of injunctions and a willingness to send to the bench jurists with the realistic social philosophy of Judge Gehrz, Wisconsin continues to maintain its reputation as a forward-looking commonwealth.

LYLE W. COOPER.

That Bright Chimeric Beast

That bright chimeric beast,
Conceived yet never born,
Save in the poet's breast,
The white-flanked unicorn,
Never may be shaken
From his solitude;
Never may be taken
In any earthly wood.

That bird forever feathered,
Of its new self the sire,
After eons weathered,
Reincarnate by fire,
Falcon may not nor eagle
Swerve from his eerie,
Nor any crumb inveigle
Down to an earthly tree.

That fish of the dread regime
Invented to become
The fable and the dream
Of the Lord's aquarium,
Leviathan, the jointed
Harpoon was never wrought
By which the Lord's anointed
Will suffer to be caught.

Bird of the deathless breast,
Fish of the frantic fin,
That bright chimeric beast
Flashing the argent skin—
If beasts like these you'd harry,
Plumb then the poet's dream;
Make it your aviary,
Make it your wood and stream.
There only shall the swish
Be heard, of the regal fish;
There like a golden knife
Dart the feet of the unicorn,
And there, death brought to life,
The dead bird be reborn.

COUNTEE CULLEN.

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A Ghost Walks

OUT OF the limbo of discredited beliefs the ghost of spontaneous generation rises to haunt the reflections of the scientist in search of origins. To be sure, he rises only occasionally, and meets scant hospitality when he does, for remembrance of the evil he performed when alive has survived his demise. It was he who deluded some of the finest minds of the ancient world, Aristotle, Lucretius, Virgil, Ovid, Pliny, and he who misled the poets, philosophers and naturalists of the Middle Ages. Through him Von Helmont's famous recipe for the creation of mice was conceived: that if to a pot of dirty linen a few grains of wheat or a piece of cheese are added, the desired rodents will come forth. In the absence of the will no less than the instruments for exact observation, men unanimously believed in the spontaneous production of living things from lifeless materials. Decaying carcasses were thought to breed insects, bad meat to give rise to maggots, rain water to animalculæ, freshly fractured rocks in quarries to toads, a horse-hair in a tumbler of water to a live eel. One medieval Italian soberly announced the results of his researches, that timber rotting in the ocean gave birth to worms, and they in turn to butterflies that eventually blossomed into song-birds.

The integrity of the doctrine of spontaneous generation was not seriously questioned until late in the seventeenth century, when Francesco Redi discovered that maggots do not develop in rotten meat unless flies are permitted to lay eggs there. The maggots that everyone believed to begin life without a parent were traced to the fly eggs. Aided by the discovery of the microscope, Spallanzani, Pasteur, Tyndall, and others showed that the universally credited examples of spontaneous generation were merely crude conclusions from crude observations. Gradually it became the belief of the scientific world that, since no living creatures could be shown to come directly from lifeless substances, all living creatures must be preceded by living parents. This assumption, expressed in the famous dictum, *"omne vivum e vivo,"* is the doctrine of biological science today.

But here the ghost of spontaneous generation rises, for life must some time have had a beginning; some time the dead must have quickened. It is generally believed that the earth was not always inhabited by living things, that only after proper conditions had been evolved on her surface could life have come into existence. Most scientists will admit that life must first have developed, either on this or on some other planet, directly from lifeless material. "All life from the living" must have had at least this initial exception. It is logical enough to ask if what happened once may not happen again, if live creatures may not even now be raising their bodies from the dead muck, but so slowly or in such small units as to thwart detection. It may be that even the prototrophic bacteria, who patrol the boundary between the worlds of the living and the dead, are powerless to subdue the creative force in nature. Nobody knows, but the speculative scientist will not reject for the present a process he is forced to accept for the past, merely on the assumption that it cannot exist because he can neither see it working nor repeat it in his laboratory. He looks for facts which suggest, if they do not prove, that the process may be a possibility on the earth today.

II

Living things are the result of a special, perhaps a unique, combination of conditions. They stand small, weak, and alone in a wilderness of the dead. Cruel forces beat upon them and reduce them whenever possible to the unleavened clay from which they sprang. For, however unusual the creation of life may be, its destruction is a daily tragedy. That which animates us is held by a fragile thread. Drop us fifty feet and the thread is broken. Change to any great extent the nature or the amount of heat, air and water on the earth, and all life will pass away. Some stars are more than 10,000°F at their surfaces; space is —459°F. Yet living beings as we know them cannot exist long in temperatures above the boiling point (212°F) or below the freezing point (32°F) of water. Most plants and animals require a far more restricted range than this. The earth is just far enough from the sun to catch the life-giving amount of heat and just large enough to hold the blanketing vapors that preserve it. The same is true of air and water; any more or less, any great difference in constitution, and the pulse of life would throb no more. The probability of a duplication of all these conditions on another celestial body is not great. We are puppets in the side-show of the cosmic circus, creatures of chance, for chance built the show house and modelled the actors, and may some day destroy both.

Despite the irregularity and the uniqueness of our existence in a dead universe, life is so interwoven with the clod it animates as to elude satisfactory definition. "Life," said Aristotle, "is the assemblage of the operations of nutrition, growth, and destruction." "Life," said Spencer, over two thousand years later, "is the continuous adjustment of internal relations to external relations." Many other definitions could be cited, but they are all unsatisfactory because they do not describe life but the

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properties of living matter. We do not know life any more than we know sound, light, heat or electricity. We merely know something of how it acts. To attempt to describe life is to make ignorance flower in verbiage.

On the other hand, it is only the simple-minded who think of life as an unfathomable mystery. The mystic who believes life an unknown and unknowable force, that transcends the nature of matter and energy as manifested in the material world, is not so much concerned with truth as with his own hopes and fancies. We know life not as a principle, but as a process.

The twentieth century sees all science agreed on one point, that nothing in nature is stationary. The stolid earth is stolid only to the eye that sees too briefly; the face of earth is ever though slowly changing its expression. Plants and animals march through time in diversifying pageantry. The evolutionary changes so clearly demonstrated for the organic world by Lamarck, Darwin, and their successors are now with equal lucidity being demonstrated by modern physicists and chemists for the basic units of matter. Atoms are complexes of protons and electrons, many elements possess isotopic variations within themselves, certain heavy compounds are in constant flux. Matter and energy alone seem indestructible. For a brief moment a bit of matter and energy is shaped in a form peculiar to a given plant or animal. The organism dies when its form is destroyed, but the matter and energy are given up intact, perhaps to animate some other creature at some other time, and still later some other creature, *ad infinitum*. Here is physical immortality, at least.

III

Most textbooks and teachers dismiss too briefly the comparison of living and lifeless matter. They are content to stress the differences and minimize the similarities. It is true that in most cases the size of inorganic bodies such as atoms, oceans, and suns is almost without limit, whereas plants and animals are restricted in this regard. The same is true of form; lifeless bodies show all varieties of form, but every live organism is definitely restricted by laws of heredity. A house-cat may wail for the sinews and claws of a lion, but he can never have them. The materials of the dead world are the ninety-two chemical elements believed to exist on earth, whereas living things must be content on the whole with only six in various arrangements. Most dead materials are of low organization, most living creatures of high—cells grouped into tissues, tissues into organs, all unlike, but held together by mutual interdependence. It is, furthermore, often said that the vital phenomena of growth, adaptation, and reproduction have no counterparts in the mineral kingdom.

Such are the generalizations. They erect a formidable barrier between the quick and the dead. Like most generalizations they neglect the exceptions, which in this case are certainly the most interesting and perhaps the most significant elements in the comparison.

Heraclitus long ago compared life to a flame. It would seem at first that one of the most characteristic properties of living substance is the way it sustains itself by borrowing matter and energy from its environment. Yet the burning of a candle is an almost exact parallel. The flame takes oxygen from the atmosphere, transforms it and gives off heat and light. In the same way plants and animals take food from their environment and with its aid release energy in various forms. The substance of an egg is changed before the child is born, the flesh and bones of the child are completely replaced by new material before maturity is reached, yet the same individual persists throughout. In one sense we are not, in another we are, the same people of our childhood. The flame sustains its personality in much the same way.

More significant than the nutrition of a flame are the remarkable phenomena of diffusion and osmosis, common to both lifeless and living matter. Salt placed in a tumbler will dissolve and spread slowly throughout the water by the process of diffusion. Diffusion occurs as a result of pressure differences in the tumbler. Molecules of the salt move from positions where the pressure is greater to positions where the pressure is less. The water molecules, on the contrary, pass from places of lesser to places of greater pressures. As a result, pressure is equalized and the salt is dissolved and distributed throughout the water in defiance of gravity.

Osmosis was discovered in 1748 by l'Abbé Nollet when he plunged a pig's bladder full of alcohol into water, and observed that the water seeped into the bladder more rapidly than the alcohol escaped, with the result that the bladder enlarged. This process of a less dense solution passing through a membrane toward a denser solution is called osmosis. It is osmotic pressure that lifts water from the soil to the topmost twig of the highest tree. Animal digestion is largely a process of breaking large molecules of food into small molecules so they may be absorbed in the intestines through the physical processes of diffusion and osmosis. In fact these two processes are the foundation upon which the elaborate structure of vital phenomena is built.

Certain mineral substances in concentrated solutions, when they come in contact with other solutions, form membranes that resist differently the passage of the water and the substances in solution. Thus if the soluble salts of calcium are placed in contact with solutions of alkaline carbonates and phosphates, an osmotic membrane will form over the surface of the immersed salts. Dissolved substances in such a membrane exert pressure on the confining wall, distending them and increasing their volume. More water rushes in through the permeable membrane, so that the mineral structure changes its form in very much the same manner as a growing plant or animal.

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Some remarkable work has been done on the behavior of osmotic growths by Dr. Stéphane Leduc of Nantes. Such a growth absorbs nourishment from the liquor in which it exists. New material is assimilated not as in a crystal, by external addition, but by intussuception, that is, by addition of new molecules between the molecules of the original material. It gradually becomes many times heavier than the mineral "seed" from which it started, and the medium in which it grows loses an equivalent weight. The substance absorbed by the growth undergoes chemical changes just as do the substances assimilated by growing plants and animals. Certain mineral "foods" may be taken, others rejected; waste products are excreted.

By varying the materials and the concentration of the solutions, Dr. Leduc made osmotic growths that resembled a great variety of living things. Algæ, mushrooms, grasses, seeds, leaves, flowers, corals, clam shells and many other types of organisms were faithfully reproduced in form, color, texture, and structure. Some of the mineral mushrooms were mistaken by experts for real fungi.

Many osmotic growths swam about in the mother liquor under the stimulation of the slightest disturbance in their environment. Many underwent rhythmic movements connected with their nutrition. Some reproduced crudely by budding. Under certain circumstances the vitality of a faltering individual was rejuvenated, wounds were healed much as in live tissue. With age the membrane of an osmotic growth thickens, growth slows down and finally stops when the osmotic force in the membrane is exhausted. As in a child whose cells are young and under high osmotic pressure, the young osmotic mineral growth is plump and well formed. With increasing age flaccidity overtakes the cells of both man and mineral. Death comes ultimately to both, and with it the decay of form and structure.

IV

If we now return to our original postulate, that life is known only as a process, it is clear that the line between the living and the dead is not as clean-cut as most people suppose. Osmotic growths, in simulating the vital phenomena of nutrition, growth, form, structure, and sensibility, lie very near the boundary of the two worlds. Then, too, whereas protoplasm, the life jelly of all creatures, has never been produced artificially, many organic substances such as urea can be made in the laboratory without the assistance of plant or animal materials. These and many similar facts show that the living and the lifeless are really not so very different. They are sisters under their skins.

It is here that Dr. Leduc and others raise once more the question of spontaneous generation. Although osmotic mineral growths do not contain albuminoids and proteids and therefore cannot be compared in chemical complexity with living things, yet they do elaborate dead matter into the characteristic forms and structures of plants and animals. They do it as the live things do it, through the physical forces of osmotic pressure and diffusion. Modern chemists and biologists have failed to create a living organism, but they have succeeded in duplicating from the mineral world many of the processes and structures and some of the substances which not so long ago were thought to be the exclusive possession of living matter. It is not unlikely that in the remote past when life first came, Nature went through the same experiments in her own laboratory, but carried them further to the creation of living organisms. It is not impossible that in the oceanic depths the same process is now going on. Nobody knows much about conditions during the remote past or in the ocean troughs today. The ingredients that synthetic biologists have failed to discover must have been present when life began, and may still be present.

Here is the basis for a new concept of existence. Elements, compounds, minerals, rocks, plants, animals, man, may all be parts of one giant organism. Modern research is slowly building a basis for belief in the continuity of the evolutionary process from the simplest to the most complex forms of matter. The kingdoms of plant and animal merge along a shadowy boundary. Nobody would try to get cole-slaw from a cow or milk from a cabbage, because cows and cabbages are extreme types and not easily confused. But certain unicellular organisms so blend the properties of plant and animal that they are claimed by both botanist and zoölogist. Thus also merge the realms of the living and the dead. The chasm between life and death, that last great obstacle to a sound doctrine of scientific pantheism, is being removed. A man is not much like a stone, but his vital processes are almost the same as those of osmotic mineral growths. This similarity suggests that the doors between the domains of the living and the dead may swing both ways.

JOHN HODGDON BRADLEY, JR.

Hand or Mouth

This, then, is Pleasure's bower,
  Where every thing can please;
Her cushions are of silk,
  She plays on ivory keys.
She gives her hand to kiss,
  Before I leave her bower:
"I thank you, pretty one,
  For this light hour."

Out in the garden now
  Young Joy sits all alone;
The cushion she sits on
  Is nothing but a stone;
Her naked lips are all
  The music she can play;
She gives her mouth to kiss—
  Sweet Joy, I stay!

W. H. DAVIES.

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Washington Notes

THE great and mysterious Mr. Hoover, our vastly traveled President-elect, has been in chilly Washington and is now in sunny Florida with most of his massive secrets tightly locked within his manly though unmuscular chest. At least, if he is not basking in the Penny Castle on Belle Island off Miami when this piece is printed, he will have made it seem entirely foolish, which, in my not entirely unbiased judgment, will be his first major mistake. Since I write at the moment when he is still in the painful Mayflower midst of constant political conference, it is impossible to forecast the authoritative announcements, if any, that may come from the great man before he is again up and away, accompanied by a coterie of congenial friends and thirty or forty-odd gentlemen of the press. These last, I think, will be in a highly sensitive condition, bitterly determined to uphold the dignity of their profession and throw that slightly over-friendly fellow, George Barr Baker, for a heavy loss at the first small sign of another attempt at camouflaged censorship. Such was the harsh interpretation some of the correspondents on the Good-Will tour put upon his coöperative and kindly suggestions about their copy written on the battleships.

In my judgment, however, these Washington journalists are needlessly alarmed. There will be no repetition of the "coöperative" suggestion and, so I am informed —though I may have been misled in this—Mr. Baker will not go to Miami. Instead, the liaison officer will be that genial, jovial, back-slapping, well upholstered Minnesota lad, George Akerson, who is distinctly "one of the boys," and slated, so most of them hope, for presidential private secretary after March 4. Things ought to go better with the Minnesota George as the buffer than with the other George—and doubtless will. Still, there is no sense disguising the fact that the President-elect did not improve his personal relations with the press on his South American tour. Nor has his personal popularity with its eager representatives been increased by the difficulty of getting anything like real news from him during his Washington stay. This, however, is not his fault, and how he can better the situation is hard to see. Manifestly he cannot confer out in the open, with cameras snapping and a hundred reporters taking notes. Manifestly, too, he cannot call them in and talk the conversation of his callers over with a battalion of correspondents most of whom he does not know by sight. Manifestly, he cannot confide in them as to matters about which he has not reached a decision.

He cannot empty his mind to the newspaper men; no President does or ought to. All Presidents bluff at press conferences, some of them evade and some of them prevaricate. Press conferences are the bunk, anyhow, but Herbert is the worst hand at them I have ever seen. He never bluffs, evasion is foreign to his noble nature, and he is one of the poorest prevaricators in present-day politics. Also he has to contend with a definite, though little-recognized, disposition which newspaper men share with the rest of mankind, to build up a little man but pull down a big one. Long years of observation have convinced me that the smaller the man in a great public office the greater the unconscious newspaper effort to bolster him up to something like the size of the job. To some extent, at least, this accounts for the unprecedented newspaper protection accorded Mr. Coolidge, which I have perhaps written of here once or twice before. Recent small but still illuminating examples of this are to be found in the mendacious accounts of his trap-shooting performances with a shotgun, and the complete absence of comment upon the callous manner in which he cancelled the White House New Year reception, which means so much to many people in Washington, and has been religiously observed by every President in my time except by the stricken Wilson. It may have been fear of the flu, or indifference, that led him to cancel the reception and come back here from the Coffin trip one day after instead of one day before New Year. The thing is not as small as it may seem to those who have not watched these New Year receptions and do not know what they mean to the thousands who cheerfully stand in line for hours to get their one chance to see a President of the United States.

But to get back on the track (I am so easily diverted by thoughts of Calvin). Mr. Hoover is one of those big men who have to contend against the destructive rather than the constructive newspaper inclination. Some big men—the hapless Warrior, for instance—would know how to meet and minimize this disposition, but not Herbert. Herbert does not know how to begin to do it, and I think he is going to have his troubles.

As to his cabinet intentions, they may have been revealed by the day the New Republic appears, but at this moment everything is hidden. No one knows anything of an affirmative character; a few have a certain and unsatisfying negative knowledge. For example, it seems fairly sure that the New Jersey effort in behalf of the Hon. Dwight Morrow for Secretary of State will not be successful. Herbert's intention is to give Mr. Morrow ample time and opportunity to carry on and complete his undoubtedly fine work in Mexico. At this moment there also seems excellent reason for believing that Senator Borah will not be Secretary of State and that the Hon. Bill Donovan will not be Attorney General. At no time have I ever believe in the Borah notion, but I confess that the sidetracking of Donovan, which now seems likely, is a surprise. Those who profess to know attribute it partly to the opposition of the drys and partly to the extreme hostility of certain aggressive independent and Democratic Senators, who recall Donovan's part in the prosecution of Senator Wheeler in Montana at the time the late lamented Daugherty was being dragged by the heels by the Senate committee of which Wheeler was the chairman and mainspring. It is said a fight was threatened on Donovan such as was made on Charles Beecher Warren, and Herbert has concluded not to take the chance, though this, I am told, by no means indicates any lack of affectionate regard upon the part of Hoover for the unfortunate Bill. Affectionate regard, however, is a pretty poor substitute for the attorney-generalship, and there is grief and lamentation among the legion of Donovan adherents wh

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had counted this job as "on the ice" as far as he was concerned. I hear, too, that Myron T. Herrick is not to be retained at Paris, that Houghton is returning from London and has taken an apartment in the same building as the august and aged Andrew, that Hoover's idea is a complete reshuffling of the cards so far as the major European posts are concerned.

However, further speculation from this distance, on the Cabinet or on anything else, is simply firing in the dark. We shall all know in a little while, and I have no doubt we shall as usual be bitterly disappointed. So far as his conferences here were concerned, some of his more disinterested and detached friends confessed to a slight depression over what they seemed to think was the undue weight which Herbert appeared to attach to the purely political arguments presented to him. There was some comment, too, over the apparent fact that the organization politicians who were active in his pre-convention campaign appeared able to get his ear more easily and more often than anyone else. One of these sorrowing friends who had some difficulty getting past the outer and inner guards at the Mayflower suite expressed the fear that before he actually gets into the White House Gulliver Hoover may find himself bound by the Lilliputian politicians with slender, almost invisible cords, any one of which he could break with a breath, but the totality of which will hold him fast.

I think these apprehensions slightly premature, and apt to be realized, if at all, only partially. It is true that the campaign appears to have convinced Mr. Hoover of the necessity of practical machine support; but that he will yield to the Works, Moseses, Goods, Slemps, Burkes, Browns, Burtons, Fesses, Snells and Manns with any such completeness as suggested is, I think, without foundation. He cannot kick these fellows in the face and get anything out of Congress, and well he knows it. But that he is going to run his administration on their plane I do not believe for a moment. But it would be a terrible joke on the Boy Scouts if he did.

T. R. B.

Washington.

The New Viennese Play

Caprice, by G. Sil-Vara, adapted by Philip Moeller. The Guild Theater, January 1, 1929.

IN the scene between father and son in the second act of "Caprice" there is some beautiful dramatic writing. The motivation is not unlike that of the youth in "Fata Morgana," with his poetry, his dreams of love, his innocence when he encounters a woman past thirty; but Sil-Vara's study is more complex and subtle. The inroads into the moment that the older man's irony now and then makes, the modesty and confusion of the boy, his secret lights and fires, his division between his father and mother, the covered pathos of his poetry and dreams, these make up a dramatic texture that holds and stirs us. And acted as it is by Mr. Alfred Lunt and Mr. Douglass Montgomery it is a little triumph of pathos and wit. There must be few stage moments, indeed, that so catch us up as that does where the boy stands and recites his poem to love—which, he says, is not a poem, just talk—and Mr. Lunt, hearing that shy passion and the fresh innocence of youth, so long denied and forgotten in the man's life, says that now he thinks he knows why fathers love their sons.

But if you listen to the scene and to such passages as that where the boy speaks of the realities that you cannot escape, cannot play with and not pay their price, and if you note closely the impinging shadow of the woman that the mother is, and hear those mockeries going far back into the man's heart and into his cynical, profligate career with women, you will perceive some confusion with regard to what the play was, at this point, intended by the dramatist to be, and what, before it is over and done with at the Guild Theater, it ends by being. You judge, perhaps, that the original developed, more or less, some situation in which the man had to pay the price of his adventures into living, and that the drama therefore assumed a less easy and cheerful conclusion than that implied in the version we see now. In this version the mother is blurred after the middle of the play, made less binding on our sympathies, and cut down in her sublimations of experience; and through that means and otherwise the whole play is altered.

At any rate, "Mit Der Liebe Spielen," which implies a playing with love, turning love and life into a game—"Caprice," as we see it in New York—as it stands now tells a story around a celebrated lawyer, Albert Von Echardt, who has had an affair with a secretary years ago and is confronted with her son, on his way to manhood. She begs him to take over the bringing up of the youth, she will give the son to his father. Meanwhile, the great affair of the present is with the gay, passionate, courageous and beautiful Ilsa Von Ilsen; she and Albert have been for some time on terms of intimacy and on the point of marriage. The mother is to come with the son, but not to stay longer than a few days. On that Sunday afternoon when the meeting is to take place, Ilsa also appears; and presently, when no one else is in the room, she easily becomes the princess of the boy's dreams, soon he is more than willing to stay on with Ilsa and without his mother's company. Amalia, the mother, injects a certain high and noble inconvenience into the lawyer's household, and, when the youthful idealist learns of the relationship between his princess and his father and wishes to go away at once, Amalia's departure leaves less of a blank in our minds than might have been thought. The lawyer is broken-hearted at losing the son, whom he loves. In the end we gather that Ilsa will come to stay. Meanwhile sodium bicarbonate plays a heavy role in the drama of Albert's inside.

I have not seen the original play that Sil-Vara wrote and presented to his Vienna, but I can imagine that it is one of those European pieces—most of all Viennese—that dwindle down from Schnitzler at his best. They are enough at home with intelligent discussions of life to give them substance and a content that, as in Galsworthy, we may respect ourselves for at least considering. They have sophistication enough to air this content agreeably and flexibly, to keep it from weighing on our minds but at the same

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time prevent our minds from being insulted. By their inheritance of culture they know the implications of all motivations and themes, know what echoes lie behind men's expressions and attitudes, know what has been felt by those blessed with feeling and depth, know the ramifications of these emotions and the use we may make of them for reflection and entertainment. They know the stock matter of social contact, what pleases, moves, satisfies, and how to keep an eye on that as they play with themes and situations. And they have taste, which guides them with discretion, relish and profit. They are, in sum, not great dramatists, and never pretend to be, but they are the heirs of an expert and graceful civilization, and of a theater that evolves engagingly from that source.

For my own taste, however, I had quite as soon Mr. Philip Moeller took Sil-Vara's play, which was of a certain seriousness, doubtless, but of no great importance—a certain serious melodrama about it for those who enjoy comfortable seriousness—and turned it into this spirited, if evasive, comedy. If anything is lost, it is, after all, not very valuable; we all know these bracing profundities with which the Continental theater regales its public, and know how they are plausible thematically, how they play vivaciously with theory and philosophic patterns, but amount really to little more gestation than the skillful dinner that precedes them. On this level the theater is the theater, and whatever animates and rejoices us is what we want. One's only regret is that Mr. Philip Moeller, adapting this piece, did not find himself wafted back again into his own comedy, and himself begin to write again.

Miss Lynn Fontanne and Mr. Alfred Lunt have acted opposite each other so long now, and with such conscientious absorption and care, that their comedy playing is about impeccable; it is always well timed, lightly shifted from key to key, smart upon the right basis of serious meaning, and full of a sense of the players' own enjoyment of what they do. In the last two seasons they have added—Miss Fontanne especially, partly through such experiences as in "Strange Interlude" and "The Doctor's Dilemma," no doubt, and partly through her own growth—to their general expertness a definite extension in emotional range; in several places in "Caprice" they achieve genuine pathos, with all the sudden, overtaking surprise of it, and convey to us the catch and stab of feeling. They have added a greater reality to their brilliance.

There are two more points about Miss Lynn Fontanne that may be interesting. One is that in her case we may hope to find an actress who as she grows on toward her proper maturity and age will not be shelved as so many of our actresses are, looking for a sure success, something that will not let down their former starriness and box-office assurance, wasted, thrown away, just as they arrive at a point where their craft and human experience ought to make them most interesting and valuable to the theater. We can hope that, with the help of the Theater Guild, such a player as Miss Fontanne may for a long time yet, even when the day comes when she is more or less old, pass from play to play, with a fine talent whose values she will have studied more and more and with a variety and range of comment that only experience can give. The second point turns on clothes. Miss Fontanne has now arrived at more chic than any other actress on Broadway. Miss Ina Claire has chic, but one that is hard and glittering, fashionable but predictable. Miss Fontanne has already something more elusive than that smart Parisian varnishing; the hope is that she will arrive, with help that must be well sought, at a kind of super-chic, a perfection of clothes that is always just off the beat so far as fashion goes, that is familiar enough not to astonish or repel, and that yet has that relation to the wearer's qualities, taste and freedom that implies art and aristocracy.

Mr. Douglass Montgomery gives an admirable performance of the son, a role that might easily distort the dramatic structure of "Caprice," if the actor made it too much more poignant than youth in general is, or made this youth seem to belong too much to the muses and too little to his parents and the life that lies around him in the play. Mr. Ernest Cossart gives one of those crisp performances of his that suit the doctor in "Caprice" as well as they do squires, overbearing fathers, blustering statesmen and auctioneers. Miss Lily Cahill, as Amalia, the one-time sweetheart and the boy's mother, plays with fine reserve and subordination to the necessities of the play, something that was not easy to do without slipping into stupidity. She has qualities, of decision and breeding especially, that must make her an asset in any acting company.

The setting for "Caprice," by Miss Aline Bernstein, has a very apt character and taste, for this hero and this play, marred only by the valances of the curtains, which are too conspicuous not to have some style put into them.

For a play like "Caprice," with all its diversity in values and keys, Mr. Philip Moeller seems to me the best director we have.

STARK YOUNG.

Davies, American Painter

THE DEATH of Arthur B. Davies, late in December, removes from contemporary American painting one of its most admirable figures, and from the artistic scene a genuine personality. Born and trained in a purely American tradition, he grew to manhood under the bewildering influences which made or broke most of our artists. His own achievement rests partly on the fact that he did not sacrifice his outlook to American standards while they were still in their difficult and ill-formed stages. He managed to hold himself aloof during his school-days in our infant academies and even during his journeyman labors in the rigorous school of illustration and commercial art. That he emerged finally with his own esthetic character unimpaired is due largely to the austerity of his practice and the untroubled dignity of his personal viewpoint. He will not rank as one of the first artists of his period, but in general critical judgment—and particularly in American esteem—he will stand out as an artist of remarkable integrity who kept his head during a confusing epoch, and clung faithfully to his principles because they measured up to the demands of his own personality.

Davies was born in 1862, and so belongs to the generation of Dewing, Alexander, Henri, Wier, Sargent, Alex-

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ander, Abbey, Redfield, and Thayer. He shared with only a few of these the risks of a completely American schooling. It was before the days of large academies and art student leagues, and most of his contemporaries were evading the cold pioneer ateliers of our youthful cities, with their aping masters and long-distance derivations, by going off to Paris and Florence and Rome. It is true that the European studio of the middle years of the last century was wholly in the grip of academic strictures, and that the activities which produced the real modern masters were tabooed therein with as much scorn as they were in the salons and academies. Yet such studios as Julian's were equipped—both with teachers and agreeable surroundings—to give students a training that seemed singularly impossible in New York or in the raw streets of Chicago. It was in Chicago, however, that Davies found his early schooling, in an Institute which had not yet established itself in commodious quarters on the lake front and had not won the vast largess of millionaire patrons. His environment there, and later in New York, lacked the historical and personal riches upon which the growing artist draws for life. In the case of a painter like Davies, who did not use as his subject-matter the raw elements of our national life as they have appeared in so many recent canvases, but created instead a strange poetic country of his own, this lack might seem particularly serious. Yet it is not disagreeable to see the young painter discovering himself among such conditions.

Davies certainly does not belong with the first geniuses of our period. He purposely avoided the analytical motives they used, and he leaned back upon antique and classical models, where they strove to perfect various independent theories in their pictures. His similarity to Gauguin may be urged, yet even Gauguin shows an independence of outlook and a resourcefulness of invention which Davies could never claim. But there is a likeness in the way he managed to assert himself among bleak and uncompromising circumstances, keeping the better side of his talent free to perfect itself long after the pressure of lessons and job-work was over.

He remained an academic painter, but that much-disputed term profits by his allegiance. In America his favorite artists were probably Dewing and Twachtman. Dewing's exquisite technique he must have admired greatly; the somewhat dubious mystical inclination of Twachtman undoubtedly appealed to him. Whistler's explorations of the half-world of light and shadow probably encouraged him to forsake the harsh outlines of the Cleveland era and wander into the enchanted, dream-like scene he made and populated. He luckily missed the outworn classicism of France, but even though the day of Bouguereau and Constant was over, Gérôme and Laurens were filling the world with confectioners of wax-works. His admiration certainly went out to Puvis de Chavannes; the muralist of the Pantheon, the Sorbonne, and the Boston library left his stamp on Davies' work, and it did not miss the pastoral appeal of the early Corot and of Cazin.

His American contemporaries, for the most part, struck out along very different paths. They turned to portraiture, like Sargent, Chase, and Alexander; to mural decoration, like Abbey and Blashfield; to various genre subjects, like Melchers, Duveneck, Blum, Wier, Charles Hawthorne, and Benson; to a new realistic chronicle (following the example of Winslow Homer) like Henri, Bellows, Sloan, and Luks; or to a new *plein-airisme* of flower gardens and interiors, like Childe Hassam, Garber, and Karl Anderson. Much of their work was guess-work; much of it was marked by social and journalistic needs; some of it remains noble and worthy of the best tradition we have developed. Davies, meanwhile, was devoting himself steadily to a romantic ideal. His love of Greek and Etruscan antiquities was life-long, and his devotion to the mythical suggestions of Persian and Egyptian decorations was enthusiastic. He translated these studies into his own terms, and his canvases, especially during the last fifteen years, have been particularly varied. They give us, usually, beautiful figures against backgrounds of verdure, hills and sea. He insisted strongly upon style, and his elongated figures and strange outlines are at once recognizable. Equally characteristic is his atmospheric manner: the opaque color, low tones, and subdued contrasts. Over every scene a warm romantic sympathy poured, investing his gods and unicorns and nymphs with credibility. Authentic poetry is present in "The Refluent Season," or "Dream," in the Metropolitan Museum; the pitfalls of allegory are avoided in "Maya, Mirror of Illusions," in the Chicago Institute; a more familiar charm is found in his recent "Four o'Clock Ladies"; and such water color series as he brought back from Italy or the Loire valley are full of lively observation. His technical skill—both in painting and in graphic arts—is known to have been consummate: this fact was often obscured to hasty observers by the arbitrary methods of his style.

At the present moment the air happens to be thick with the dust of controversy stirred up by Walter Pach's indictment of the false artist in "Ananias," and it is particularly gratifying to see in Davies an artist who, by any judgment, cannot be accused of having betrayed the honor of his kind. He surveyed his narrow field and kept to it; he won with remarkable justice a definite place in our art, and by his sudden death in Italy American art must count itself poorer.

MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL.

Spring Plowing

Around the furrow-deepened turn
Terrestial dark faces burn;
In forward stumbling, break and kneel,
The black earth vomits on the steel.

The egg is shattered in the clod.
Worm and weevil lip and nod,
And snake against the hoof is shed
In blood of a passion-beaded head.

Weed, whose terror kept the hole
The rat-heart knows, and the darkened mole
Spurt warm death; and worm with rust
Is buried in the crawling dust.

Back-rippling where the furrows fold
The breath of shuddering is cold,
And fire, within the pause of rock,
Bronze echoes from the hooves unlock.

LINCOLN FITZELB.

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CORRESPONDENCE

Mr. Brasol and Professor Barnes

SIR: My attention was called to Harry Elmer Barnes' article in the New Republic of October 10, 1928, in which he reviews my book, "The Elements of Crime." In this connection, I wish to correct an erroneous statement made by Mr. Barnes. He says:

> We should also have rather more confidence in Mr. Brasol if we did not know that he was one of the leading prosecutors of Beilis.

I have never had the occasion of seeing Mr. Beilis, and took no part whatsoever in either the investigation or public prosecution of this particular defendant. Therefore, obviously, I could not have been "one of the leading prosecutors of Beilis." This fact could have been easily ascertained by Mr. Barnes, by merely examining the printed record of the trial published in book form in Kiev, in the year 1913, and available in New York. At the time referred to by Mr. Barnes, I was prosecuting attorney at the St. Petersburg Supreme Court, whereas the murder of Andrew Ushchinsky took place in the city of Kiev, some 1,000 miles from the capital of Russia.

I also wish to take the opportunity of correcting a second misstatement in the same review:

> He was . . . more than anyone else, responsible [says Mr. Barnes] for the circulation of the Protocols of the Elders of Zion in the United States, notwithstanding the fact that he possessed advance knowledge that they were a palpable forgery.

To the best of my knowledge, the first edition of the Protocols in English was published by Messrs. Eyre, Spottiswoode, Ltd., London, early in 1920. The matters discussed in these documents received world-wide publicity, and were *in extenso* discussed in the London Times, in the London Morning Post, the Spectator, and other publications of the same standing. In the same year, Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons published a book entitled "The Cause of World Unrest." Therein, the Protocols were analyzed at length, and these publishers made the announcement of a special edition of the "Protocols of the Wise Men of Zion" (see page 266). Furthermore, a second edition of the Protocols were brought out in New York by Messrs. Beckwith and Company. Simultaneously, Mr. Henry Ford gave great prominence to the Protocols in his Dearborn Independent. Mr. Barnes, who seems to be well informed on my doings, should know that I had no connection with either this publicity, or with the circulation of thousands of copies of the Protocols in the French, German, Japanese, Polish, Swedish, Finnish, Italian, Hungarian, Russian, and other languages. Equally, I wish to make it quite clear that I had no "advance knowledge" at the time, nor have I any information at present, that the Protocols are "a palpable forgery." BORIS BRASOL.

New York City.

SIR: Arnold D. Margolin was one of the defenders of Beilis, was one of the ablest Russian lawyers before the Revolution, and became a judge in the highest court in the Ukraine. Now a citizen of the United States, he writes in a letter of November 20, 1928:

> Boris Brasol became known in Russia in connection with the Beilis case. He did not participate either in the investigation of this case, or in the trial. The first time I heard his name was soon after Beilis' acquittal by the jury in October, 1913. At that time the Minister of Justice, Schzeglovitoff, leader of the anti-Semitic forces in Russia from 1907 to 1917, began to persecute every judge or magistrate who expressed sympathy toward Beilis and to promote all those belonging to the judicial branch in Russia who supported the accusation against Beilis and the Jews in general of ritual murder.
>
> Boris Brasol, a young investigating magistrate, who was, as I recollect, appointed around this time (autumn of 1913) District Attorney in Petrograd, was among those seekers of a career who volunteered after the acquittal of Beilis to investigate all those witnesses, experts and lawyers who participated in the Beilis defense, for the purpose of discovering their criminal conduct in this case. He was sent to Kiev (the place where Beilis lived and where the trial was heard), studied the records and made reports to the Ministry of Justice. His reports were among the materials which formed the basis of a series of "post-Beilis" accusations and trials against journalists, lawyers and witnesses. This activity of Boris Brasol made him a well known figure in subsequent Russian political life as a reactionary and anti-Semite.

In regard to Brasol's responsibility for the circulation of the forged "Protocols of the Elders of Zion" I quote from Herman Bernstein's editorial in the Jewish Tribune for October 22, 1926:

> Brasol came to this country during the War as a member of the Russian War Commission. He was sent to investigate the shady doings of that commission, but he whitewashed it.
>
> During the War, and particularly after the Bolshevist revolution in Russia, he conducted an anti-Jewish campaign in this country and disseminated anti-Jewish propaganda abroad.
>
> The "Protocols of the Wise Men of Zion," made public long ago in Russia by Sergius Nilus, with the aid of the Tsarist government, fabricated by the Russian Secret Police Department, were introduced in this country by Boris Brasol, who afterwards became the representative of Grand Duke Cyril, pretender to the Russian throne.
>
> Brasol gave the "Protocols," through Miss Natalie de Bogory, in 1918, to Dr. Houghton, then a captain in the American Military Intelligence Department. Brasol led them to believe that the "Protocols" constituted the "international Jewish program," alleged to have been outlined by the Jews at the first Zionist congress in Basle, and that these "documents" constituted the explanation of the World War, the revolutions in Russia and Germany, and the rise of Bolshevism. Copies of the "Protocols" in manuscript were distributed secretly in Washington among the most prominent Americans. . . . Finally, they found their way to Henry Ford and his hired scribes. The "Protocols" were published in various lands, in various languages, with various conflicting explanations as to their origins. Ultimately the "Protocols" were exposed as a diabolical forgery. HARRY ELMER BARNES.

Northampton, Mass.

[While Professor Barnes made his statements in good faith and because of what he considered reliable information, it is apparent on the basis of the foregoing correspondence that Mr. Brasol was not one of the prosecutors of Beilis. It is also apparent that the assertion that he had advance knowledge that the Protocols were forgeries is incapable of documentary proof.—THE EDITORS.]

The Job for Al Smith

SIR: I do not doubt that Mr. Hoover's generosity is sufficient for the magnificent gesture toward his defeated opponent suggested in Mr. Witter Bynner's communication, or that Mr. Smith's humility is fine enough to enable him to accept such appointment at the hands of his successful rival; but Mr. Smith is needed as a critic, rather than as a coadjutor of the administration to be inaugurated next March. While the kindliness of Mr. Bynner's intention is obvious, what he really proposes is that the Democratic party, through its leader, take openly the position of an auxiliary of the dominant party, a position which the whole pretension of Mr. Smith to the presidency sought to repudiate as a theory and to destroy as a fact.

If suggestions are in order, I venture to propose, instead: that the representative from Mr. Smith's district retire in his favor and that Mr. Roosevelt appoint him to the vacancy so created, so that he may take his proper place as the leader of his party in the Congress. It is there, rather than in Mr. Hoover's cabinet, that Mr. Smith could best serve the interests of the American people. JAMES LAND ELLIS.

San Francisco, Cal.

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A Good Talker

The Strange Necessity, by Rebecca West. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. 380 pages. $3.

SAY WHAT you like, Rebecca West has a tongue in her head. The phrase comes naturally to mind, for when we read her "Strange Necessity" we think oftener of her tongue than we do of her pen. Mark Twain has warned us that circumstantial evidence, especially when it concerns a woman, is apt to be misleading: conversational as these essays are in large part, they may well have been written with care and labor, and they contain flashes of insight, of sudden, sensible illumination, which you will look for in vain among the solemn inanities of many of her brother-critics. But the feeling persists, and persists after we have closed the book, that Miss West is really not a critic at all, but a clever talker. In conversation it is not only easy, it is almost inevitable, to exaggerate, to seize opportunities, to become preoccupied with the immediate victory of the present point. There is a kind of flush of exaltation about a good talker who has hit his stride which enables him to say many clever and some true things, but also leads him on until at times he is a little beyond himself, until he occasionally shocks and embarrasses us by his unawareness of the effects he is producing.

But what a good talker Miss West is! With what lip-smacking delight, with what gusto—so different from Fannie Hurst's, and yet as reminiscent of woman's wonderful vitality—she says her say, and not somebody else's, about any damn thing she pleases. She is not a Socratic debater; she is not a respectful Portia; she is an emancipated female creature who knows her own mind and speaks it. She may once upon a time have sat at the feet of the mighty, but that was largely for purposes of observation, and from such a position the mighty do not always appear in the most flattering perspective. She has some reminiscent flippancies about Uncle Wells, Uncle Shaw, Uncle Galsworthy and Uncle Bennett which are worth all the pseudo-profundities of the long Proustian episode which forms her introductory essay. It would not be strictly, but it would be approximately, true to say that her flippancies are the only part of her criticism that we need bother to take seriously. But a vein of flippancy is such a dangerous thing to possess! For there is literally nothing in this life which cannot, in some form or other, be justly made the subject of ridicule: any wise-crack about the world, if it is even faintly wise and fairly crackling, will hit home; whereas the most deadly seriousness, if it is not jealously defended, reverently attended, and ushered out while there is yet time, may suddenly appear as quite alarmingly and nakedly foolish.

Miss West has this gift of flippancy, this dangerous possession, and consequently, when she is taking herself seriously, as in the course of 380 pages she occasionaly has to do, she makes some loud missteps in the opposite direction. Her first essay, which takes up more than half the book, is hung on such apparently (but not really) unparallel pegs as "Ulysses," a portrait of Ingres, a Parisian dress, Pavlov's experiments on the conditioned reflexes of dogs, a house on the Ile St. Louis, letters from friends, Dostoyevsky and his prepossession with the expatriate, the "esthetic emotion." In the course of her remarks on Joyce, she finds occasion to startle us by announcing that "Joyce is a great man who is entirely without taste." That is a direct and unexpected attack, and will take some mulling over. But the further accusations by which she elaborates her charge: that Joyce uses no discrimination in his cataloguing, that he puts nonsense into the mouths of all his characters regardless of its appropriateness, and that he is fundamentally "sentimental," will set us thinking about "Ulysses" (which is perhaps all that Miss West hopes to make us do) but will not convince us that her bold shot is more than a ricochet hit.

In her critical remarks on other modern figures, she makes what must be regarded as other slips of an active tongue. The finest poetry of Thomas Hardy, she announces, is in "The Dynasts"; and of Hardy himself she says: "One remembers what was not customary. The customary condition of Thomas Hardy's mind was an abundant appreciation of life." It is possibly true that Hardy might have given his consent to this rhetorical statement, but Miss West is not using it, as he would certainly have done, in an ironical sense. She thinks that George Moore cannot be denied the title of a great comedian, "since the ultimate result of his reminiscent work is happy laughter." Of Mr. Sinclair Lewis she avers that he "used to tread the sward of our language as delicately as a cat." Is she referring to some unpublished work? With Mr. Hendrik Van Loon she is extraordinarily gentle.

A good talker is apt to become domineering; and the more he dominates, the less apt he is to know or care what effect he is producing on his listeners. He may even describe himself, hold himself up to ridicule, and be completely unaware of it. Thus, when Miss West is administering some well deserved chastisement to the woman essayist, in the person of Miss Agnes Repplier, it is not toward Miss Repplier that our awed and amused glances steal, but at Miss West: "[the sense of calamity] becomes more and more acute as she pays various brief visits of misapprehension on the great, which are rendered more irritating by her air of confidence and graciousness. One would think she was putting flowers in their studies." It is true that Miss West does sometimes put flowers in the studies of the great; and sometimes they are very pretty; though almost in the act of setting them on the table she is as apt as not to say something rather sharp. But it is when she is putting flowers on their tables, or merely tidying up their desks for them, that she is really least herself. She does not have to wonder whether to praise or blame: she does both spontaneously, and with a liberal hand. But when she is neither praising nor blaming; when she descends from her conversational personalities to the realm of ideas, she talks, too often, like the disembodied ghost of any textbook.

> I find it hard not to believe that the organism, having caused an organ to make itself within it, which is called the cortex, whose business it is to pick out of the whole complexity of the environment those units which are of significance, and to integrate those units into an excitatory complex that shall set its instinctive reflexes working, should find itself in consequence overburdened with experiences created by this organ, which in their crude state are as unprofitable to it as the whole complexity of its environment and its reflexes would be without this organ; and that the organism, being on the whole satisfied with the way the cortex works, causes another to make itself on much the same lines, to perform the same analytic and excitatory functions, which shall similarly make experience profitable to the individual.

Some earnestly friendly person might call that sentence "Proustian"; to most people it will seem merely long-winded and bad.

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But Miss West is a really gifted writer: she has facility, heat, and a neat turn for apparently careless but actually effective phrase. Quite apart from the valuable, the stimulating irritation we receive from being told what's what, by a woman in a man's world, she has a quality worth much fine writing: she is extremely readable. What a dreadful condition letters must be in when such an epithet can be applied to a professional writer by way of compliment!

If Miss West has disciples—as I fear she must have—they may object that in this brief review that she was not taken seriously. It is possible that they regard her as a critic of the first rank, as a masculine intelligence grafted on a feminine wit, and so on and what not. Well, let them take her seriously. For us she has a more delightful, and more universal rôle— It's a hard world for a woman, but Miss West makes it at least more entertaining, for all of us.

T. S. MATTHEWS.

Making the Fascist State

Making the Fascist State, by Herbert W. Schneider. New York: Oxford University Press. 392 pages. $5.

AMID the swirl of many passions and opinions in Italy, Dr. Schneider has kept his head, and after years of study has given us a realistic and highly important survey of Fascism. He has disclosed the roots of that movement in the economic distress, social collisions, parliamentary incompetence, and general disillusionment that followed the World War, illustrating general principles always by concrete citations. He has traced the rise of Fascist fighting units here and there over Italy, the evolution of Mussolini from revolutionary socialism to bourgeois patriotism, and the consolidation of the middle-class reaction under his leadership. Then follows an analysis of the Fascist state in the process of making, with events and dates in seried order, in short, the evolution of Fascism in power. Going beneath the verbiage and political forms, Dr. Schneider then exposes the evolution of the unions of employers on one side and workers on the other, culminating in the creation of the syndicalist-corporate state, soon to be tried out. The whole is then crowned by a chapter on Fascist culture, on the sentimentalities of the realities. For the reader who likes to know what Fascist leaders have actually said on various significant themes, there is an appendix of extracts from their speeches, articles, orations, and proclamations. All is done in good form, without rancor and with the saving grace of humor. Result—a truly significant book.

In the ideas of Fascism, as traced in the acres of print that have been laid out in the course of its development, it is not easy to discover anything fundamental that is new, assuming for the moment that something like a consistent structure of logical patterns can be constructed out of weltering masses of confused and often contradictory opinions, assertions, and explanations. To accept at face value any formulation of its dogmatic theology made by professors and other specialists in verbiage would be to do violence to the facts in the case as Mr. Schneider has presented them in his orderly and dispassionate story; but nevertheless a certain framework of ideology does stand out in the foreground of much-tangled speculation.

On the critical side, Fascism is fairly, though by no means consistently, definite. It condemns political democracy, at least as the Italians knew it from their experience with a bourgeois, yet half-feudal, system operating under a limited-hanhood suffrage (until 1920, when it was widened) amid a population partly paralyzed by illiteracy. In the condemnation of democracy there is nothing new, except possibly in the figures of speech employed. The ancient Greeks said about all that could be imagined in that line; the fathers of the American republic, notably Hamilton, Madison, and John Adams, were as voluminous and vehement as any Fascist could desire. Besides political democracy, Fascism places on the index parliamentary government, popular elections, freedom of speech, freedom of press, and all the other schemes conceived in connection with government by the common run. But it would be easy to parallel every word of Fascist denunciation by a reasonably identical word from other political philosophies, German, French, English, or Russian. The stenographic minutes of the old German Reichstag bulge to bursting with criticism and abuse of the same general and special character, most of it well founded from the point of view of the founders and not without large justification in apparent fact.

Nor are the constructive proposals of Fascism thoroughgoing novelties in the sphere of political thinking. Dictatorships, centralized administration, suppression of personal liberty, and economic parliaments are all old, very old in theory and practice. Patriotism, chauvinism, national pride, self-glorification, and demands for a place in the imperial sun are not new; neither are they a monopoly of Italian genius. In America the gospel of action, action, action, action awakens fleeting memories of trust- and broncho-busting under the apostle of the strenuous life, the late Theodore Roosevelt.

But Fascism, as sketched in Mr. Schneider's pages, like most other political gospels of redemption, does not reveal in evolving theory or in practice a consistent scheme. In 1919, Mussolini talked about heading the current mass movement "toward political democracy and economic democracy," and he drew up a platform which included woman suffrage, management of railways by railway workers, abolition of the Senate, proportional representation, and other items of that well known cast. The next year his program consisted of three planks: defense of the War, revindication of victory, and opposition to "the politician's socialism." A little later he proudly boasted that the Fascisti had no fixed principles at all: "The Fascisti are the gypsies of Italian politics; not being tied down to any fixed principles, they proceed unceasingly toward one goal, the future well-being of the Italian people." A part of this statement could be endorsed by Mr. Coolidge; he is in favor of the well-being of the American people. One year, Mussolini opposes imperialism "at the expense of other peoples" and endorses the postulates of the League of Nations; another year he espouses a lively imperialism at the expense of various peoples, and sneers at the League of Nations. In 1921 he declares that "Fascism is the strongest of the heresies that strike at the door of the churches. Tell the priests, who are more or less whimpering old maids: away with these temples that are doomed to destruction." Later, needing the support of the Catholic popularists, he gathers the Church to his bosom with pious ostentation, amid tears of joy and laughter. In all this, too, there is nothing novel to those who know something about the history of politics and politicians. One day Mussolini cheers war, the next day peace; again working true to the form of astute politicians. Those who believe in politics and understand it can make no objection, except when they are asked to treat Mussolini's performances as representing a newer and higher wisdom.

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Under the cloud of many words there have been performances. Parliament has been thrown into the discard, freedom of press and speech abolished, the Socialist party suppressed, the courts reorganized, local self-government wiped out, the death sentence restored, the ministry made irresponsible (except to the King), and another bureaucracy of job-holders substituted for the old regime. In the way of construction, the Fascisti have organized capitalists on the one side and laborers on the other in separate corporations of industry, agriculture, commerce, marine and air transport, land transport, and finance, with a confederation of intellectuals attached. In other words, they have brought about by force of the State the most compact and unified organization of capitalists and laborers into two camps which the world has ever seen.

This is the original feature of their achievement. They seem to think that having effected the alignment they can compel the two opposing forces to coöperate in "the interest of the Italian nation." Signs of friction are not wanting; so far it has not been possible to get the yoke completely over the heads of fractious capitalists; but still many concessions have been won for labor—nothing amazing as compared with Germany or England, for example, even though representing decided gains over former days in Italy. If the restive yokemates start quarreling and threaten to upset the pageantry of state, then the dictator may save the day by the ancient device—a foreign war, with its unknown and unfathomable consequences. For the moment, the movement of things is decidedly towards statism, not individualism, and results will depend more on patience and technical competence than on political verbiage; and Italy prepares for her "day." Others have done likewise. "The economic struggle between nations," says Mussolini, "is becoming more severe and pitiless than the military struggle between these same nations."

Contrary to popular impressions, Mussolini is not Italy, and the dictatorship is not all under his hat. The powerful corporations of industry and labor are to some extent representative; the employers' corporations are autonomous; and the labor unions, though strictly centralized under the bureaucracy, are in theory representative in management. For the political parliament just abolished is to be substituted a kind of "economic" parliament, indirectly elected; candidates are to be nominated by the corporations of capitalism and labor; a list is to be selected by the Grand Council of the Fascist party and submitted for approval or rejection *en bloc* to the whole body of syndicate members. If the official list is rejected, then new nominations are to be made by corporations of capital and labor and submitted to the voters at the polls. This is far from the frozen dictatorship of the Russian Tsardom; it is more like the American check and balance system; and it may work out in a new democratic direction. Indeed, in 1927, Mussolini declared that "this state is expressed in an accentuated, organized, authoritarian democracy, in which democracy the people circulate freely." Beyond question an amazing experiment is being made here, an experiment in reconciling individualism and socialism, politics and technology. It would be a mistake to allow feelings aroused by contemplating the harsh deeds and extravagant assertions that have accompanied the Fascist process (as all other immense historical changes) to obscure the potentialities and the lessons of the adventure—no, not adventure, but destiny riding without saddle and bridle across the historic peninsula that bridges the world of antiquity and our modern world.

CHARLES A. BEARD.

Franz Boas

Anthropology and Modern Life, by Franz Boas. New York: W. W. Norton and Company. 246 pages. $3.

IN spite of Dr. Boas' undisputed eminence in every phase of anthropological inquiry, it is difficult to point to any general work of his own writing which aptly summarizes the methodology of his science. Nor is it easy to gain a clear view of his philosophy of culture. Students of anthropology have had to be satisfied with short but pregnant papers on a variety of theoretical topics and, more important still, with the implications of his technical volumes. Perhaps only such a mind as Boas' could pack away so much honey of wisdom in the crevices of a forbidding landscape as may be found in the paper which bears the unconsciously whimsical title of "A Study of Alaskan Needle-cases," and which is more for the hard-thinking theorist than for the appraiser of Eskimo knick-knacks.

It is clear that Dr. Boas' unconscious long ago decreed that scientific cathedrals are only for the future, that for the time being spires surmounted by the definitive cross are unseemly, if not indeed sinful, that only cornerstones, unfinished walls, or even an occasional isolated portal are strictly in the service of the Lord. It is as though his unseen structure were compacted of such intense feeling that it needed, for Dr. Boas himself, but little formal exteriorizing, only so much as a massive accumulation of data on this or that point might force him to. Those who find Boas' thinking not to their taste are likely to call it inconsequential because incomplete in expression, while those who know him best feel it to be both rigorous and emotionally vital, yet prevented by a certain fierce delicacy from ever declaring more than it manifestly must.

Boas is not the man to articulate implications, and there is no use expecting him to. Only such readers as do actually expect the impossible of him have a right to be disappointed in "Anthropology and Modern Life." These may find much in it too remote or tangential or marginal or academic—let them use what adjective they will—to fructify their sense of life. There would be no quarreling with their judgment except to demand of them that they meet Boas at least half way, probably more, with what they have themselves gathered of life and its meaning. But this, again, is an unreasonable demand in an age that prizes lazy comfort in thought and that prizes rigor only in dehumanized action.

It is a great pity that Boas cannot give himself more passionately and more completely, for he has much to give. A hint of the deeper meanings of Boas' cultural philosophy is given in his chapter on eugenics, which is healthily impatient of the tinkling heavens which our fashionable romantic biologists are roughing out for us. Unfortunately Boas is too little accustomed to integrate his feelings with his intellectual doctrines, so that his dislike of mere comfort will seem hardly more than petulant and sentimental to our nimble Utopians, who have spent far more of their lives than Dr. Boas in proving black white. It should, of course, have been the other way round.

Dr. Boas' book brings home the fact that anthropology is in a somewhat dangerous position at present. It has become a popular science, which does not necessarily mean that a deeper understanding of the relativity of human values will be acquired by its camp followers, rather that its data and its varying interpretations will be chosen *ad libitum* to justify every whim and every form of spiritual sloth. "Anthropology and Modern Life" is a brave warning against

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such misuse of the comparative study of culture, but the warning is vain. Already a generation of "applied anthropologists" has begun. What we have been waiting for is already on sale. It is brilliant now and then, like Malinowski's "Sex and Repression in Savage Society"; more often it will be cheap and dull, like Margaret Mead's "Coming of Age in Samoa."

EDWARD SAPIR.

Wan Lights on Virgil

Harvard Lectures on the Virgilian Age, by Robert Seymour Conway. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 162 pages.

PROFESSOR CONWAY'S book of Harvard lectures will be a disappointment to any whose expectations are aroused by the title. There is, intentionally, no full canvas of "the Virgilian Age"; the preface indicates as objective "not to describe those [historical] conditions . . . but rather to discover what the poets and historians really felt about them." So far, so good; but the capture of this objective proceeds with such vague purpose and feeble strength that one is led to doubts. Does the preface lack complete candor? Did the writer perhaps feel inclined to apologize for padding, for the wan illumination and questionable relevance of some of the chapters? "Under Hannibal's Shadow," for instance, and "Portrait of a Roman Noble," aside from a general moral public school value, are especially unsatisfactory.

Chapters II, III, V, VII, and IX are more directly concerned with Virgil himself. Of these, chapters III and V are relatively slight. The former, "The Golden Bough," makes the point that the Golden Bough is a symbol of human affection, and by quotation from the "Culex" and the fourth "Eclogue," adduces evidence that Virgil was not without this amiable quality. Chapter V is entitled "An Unnoticed Aspect of Virgil's Personality"; unnoticed by whom? Surely a "characteristic shyness," a "reticence or gentleness of tone in utterances on grave matters," a hesitancy to become dogmatic or indignant in matters of moral judgment are the very essence of Virgil, but, unless you are talking to Philistines, this is merely to discover the obvious.

Chapter VII, "The Philosophy of Virgil," adds further comment on this dualism of mind, "the need of stating things by antithesis, of always seeing two sides to every human event." Here Professor Conway is at his boldest in venturing to maintain that, of all the Romans, Virgil was the most Greek in, "first, his reverence for self-control; second, the habit of wonder, or intellectual curiosity; and third, the method of looking at things from a dual, antithetic standpoint." It is natural, then, to assume that Virgil's philosophy represents a balance between Stoic and Epicurean systems.

Chapter IX, "The Architecture of the Epic," points out how this dualism of mind is illustrated, technically, by the alternating character of the books of the "Æneid," and the balance of structure between Books I and VII, II and VIII, III and IX, and so on. Until this chapter diverges into an attempt to establish the Stoic and Christian characters of Book VI, it is far and away the most illuminating contribution to the sum of Virgilian scholarship.

Chapter II, nearly twice as long as any other chapter, answers the question "Where was Virgil's Farm?" by locating Andes not at Pietole, but rather Calvisano. The material here is interesting and sensible, with several maps and illustrations, and Professor Conway makes out an excellent case. Of all the works of Virgil, none is more susceptible to critical doubts and interpretations than the "Eclogues," and the reader of the Harvard lectures will do well to re-read, in this connection, the several chapters X-XIII in Tenney Frank's "Virgil."

Critics will go on creating poets in their own image. Conservative Victorian Englishmen with Tory economics, with Tennysonian political visions floating before their eyes, and Kiplingesque phrases of patriotism and duty ringing in their ears, will continue to choke up with happy mournful ecstasy in their portraits of the too-early-born Emperor-worshiper, *anima naturaliter Christiana.* One gags a little at being asked to gulp down such stuff as Professor Conway dispenses on pages 72, 109, 149: one thinks of Virgil with Marbodius, plaintive among the holm-oaks of hell.

ROLFE HUMPHRIES.

Dialogues on Education

The Child and the World, by Margaret Naumberg. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 313 pages. $3.50.

THE movement among scientists to free science from the rigid concepts with which jealous scientists and credulous laymen have surrounded it during the past seventy-odd years finds its counterpart in the lay world as disillusionment and revolt against "science the false messiah." Psychology, which even in the heyday of Behaviorism was hardly accepted as more than quasi-scientific, is today especially suspect and receives the full brunt of current skepticism.

In "The Child and the World," Margaret Naumberg has the appearance of fanning the fires of skepticism, but she does it only for the purpose of blazing the way to a new belief. She questions every psychological school, past and present, repudiates most of them and rejects the educational theories based upon them, but in their place she presents a carefully evolved philosophy of education which merits the attention of those who are actively interested in the progressive education movement.

Through the medium of dialogues between the staff of an experimental school and such visitors as a school superintendent, sociologist, artist, parents, normal school students, public school teacher, stage producer, conservative doctor and college professor, not only the organization and administration of such a school is explained, but also the theory upon which, as a system of education, it is founded.

Progress, according to the school of thought represented by Miss Naumberg, William McDougall, Robert Courtney, *et al.*, is contingent upon a more thorough self-knowledge, derived from greater awareness of one's bodily processes and activity and leading to greater insight into the objective world. In an environment where adults have already been "set free" by some form of analysis, where the creative approach is applied to whatever is taught and in such a way as to conform to the needs of the individual, "special training in pantomime and the allied arts might lead to a more profound self-knowledge."

We have no reason to doubt that self-awareness and self-knowledge can be cultivated on a large scale, but whether these will lead to psychophysical coördination, which the author regards as the basis of adjustment between the individual and environment is decidedly questionable. It is

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significant that those individuals who appear, at least to the naked eye, as inwardly and outwardly beautifully coördinated, are precisely the ones who are least aware of themselves, either as bodies or as minds. And conversely, those who enjoy too profound a self-knowledge appear the most poorly coördinated. But were it even possible to steer clear of the dangers of self-consciousness and actually achieve a higher degree of psychophysical coördination through self-awareness and self-knowledge, we should still be confronted with the problem of whether psychophysical coördination is the cause or the result of coördination between the individual and society, which raises the further question of the relation between education, the social order and the individual. As long as there is no single answer to fundamental philosophical questions, there can be no single theory or system of education.

AUGUSTA ALPERT.

The Nursery Rhymes of Love

Nursery Rhymes for Children of Darkness, by Gladys Oaks. New York: Robert M. McBride. 59 pages. $1.50.

THE principal interest in this volume is the fact that it is a record of a D. H. Lawrencean generation, a glorification of individual sex psychology. Such a record presents a lively mixture of a romantic joy of living and an equally romantic conception of human futility. The individual effort to be frank about sex is tricky business. New illusions are built up in an attempt to expose conventional attitudes. The results are always interesting.

Miss Oaks runs a gauntlet that has been traveled many times in the last fifteen years. Her pace is uneven. She is at times unconsciously comic, awkward, brilliant and genuinely lyrical. Her personality is vivid and real. She presents a rich and glowing confusion of ideas concerning the relationship of a woman to men, and even when she becomes forcefully inarticulate she is, herself, making her own phrases to fit highly particular cases. She is at her best when she speaks directly as in "To the Harvest!" a poem dealing with the emotions of pregnancy:

> Summer itself, such women, flushed in ease
> Where fruit falls, winds lean high, and all fulfills.

And again, from the same poem:

> A rooted flower or a fœtus growing—
> Nowhere such downward power, such upward ease.

HORACE GREGORY.

Fiction Notes

Nigger to Nigger, by E. C. L. Adams. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.

ON THE dust cover to this book the publishers have seen fit to announce that Dr. Adams has "caught humor, pathos, tragedy . . . [and] brutality." It is worth noting that where the author has sought humor and pathos he has, almost without exception, found Uncle Remus and nigger vaudeville or sentimentality. But where he has sought brutality and tragedy, he has found them and to spare; and he has depicted them—particularly in the section called "White Folks"—with a fine and appropriate passion, with anger and a good deal of hatred for the complacent, vulgar, "fine" white man. For human, Dr. Adams can't do much better than a definition of virgins as "little nigger gals . . . till dey is about twelve years old." For brutality there are "Thirteen Years"—the length of time a Negro has served for rape before the complacent death-bed confession of his female white accuser frees him, and "A Damn Nigger"; or, "The Savage," which is a tale of the brutality between Negro and Negro. For Dr. Adams does not fall into the easy error of believing that hatred, maltreatment and brutality breed for recompense, sweetness and noble light. It is a little revolutionary, too, that the Negroes in this book do not repay their white *masters* with the open-mouthed, unquestioning loyalty that story-book dogs and slaves have for the men who destroy and humiliate them "for their own good"; and always with sophisticated, superior good-humor. Dr. Adams' picture is probably truer, though less comfortable, than that of convention. "Nigger to Nigger" is in the main a splendid book. M. P. L.

The Professor's Wife, by Bravig Imbs. New York: The Dial Press. $2.50.

IT IS always relieving to find a first novel that is not obviously an autobiography of adolescence, or, if it is autobiographical, has at least the humor of removal, a first novel which, though it may not justify the publisher's verdict of "remarkable"—so many new books are remarkable that the adjective has lost all its edge—is at any rate quite distinctive. Mr. Imbs' portrait of the typical small academic community in its more esthetic aspects is very true and very amusing and is written in a clear, leisurely, inviting prose. We are charmed to come so wittily and actually upon Rebecca West, Robert Frost, Frank Swinnerton, Edna St. Vincent Millay and others, in the very highest society, as we are by Mr. Imbs' deft comments such as: "She often expressed the opinion that a perfect sandwich was as good as a perfect poem," or, "she descended the stairs like a catastrophe," or, "Eloise Snow was very pretty as long as she did not have a cold." The satire is almost always implicit, and if Mr. Imbs gets us nowhere, still he does it very nicely. E. S.

Fire Down Below, by Margaret Irwin. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

SO MANY book titles take the name of fire in vain. But this one really achieves the intensity of flame and the strange glimmer of firelight. The conflagration is kindled by Peregrine Sark of the red hair and blazing personality, who craves all, attracts all, consumes all, and reduces all to ashes. Because he is possessed of burning energy and yet can boast no spark of creation, this man becomes almost a demon, while characters and events about him appear as emanations from or sacrifices to his will. His very home, overlooking a staid old English village, troubles the godly like an orchid blooming in the snow. Such a character is damning and damned. Perhaps his doom extends even to his story. For although "Fire Down Below" manages to verge on the supernatural without overstraining twentieth-century credulity, although it creates a character appealing as well as exotic, although it is written with craft and with magic, it flickers once and fades before the end. B. G.

Pilgrims of Adversity, by William McFee. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

ALTHOUGH occasional scenes and brief episodes recall the McFee of "Aliens" and "Command," this long, long tale of sailors of fortune in a "Costara-

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guan" revolution is slow reading. Only a stumbling love-story emerges from a confused background to uncertain dramatic interest. The situation is plausible enough—a phlegmatic young Scot spellbound in reckless and incongruous romance—and there is potential tragedy in the hopeless conflict of mutually incomprehensible temperaments. But it disintegrates under the reader's bewilderment among incoherent complications of subordinate events and supernumerary characters. These are presented with a sporadic brilliance all the more disappointing for the morass of verbiage its fitful and wandering gleams illumine. Mr. McFee's admirers will find this hard going as compared with the steady sweep of his early narrative.

D. B. W.

Penelope's Man, by John Erskine. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $2.50.

"YOU can't *do* that!" cried Mr. Moran (or was it Mr. Mack?) when the doctor advised him to take one pill three times a day. Mr. Erskine offers his pill for the fourth time with the same "snappy" dialogue and droll antics as on former occasions, and the element of surprise—so vital a factor in the fun of Helen's earlier reincarnation—is completely lacking in this narrative of Ulysses' wandering affections. Its most amusing maneuver is the discrepancy revealed in every episode between the hero's own account of it and the facts according to Erskine. But the original dose of biting and tonic irony has been worn to a pungent wafer of thinning wit—good for what ails you after an excellent dinner, and quite palatable with coffee and cigarettes. D. B. W.

Contributors

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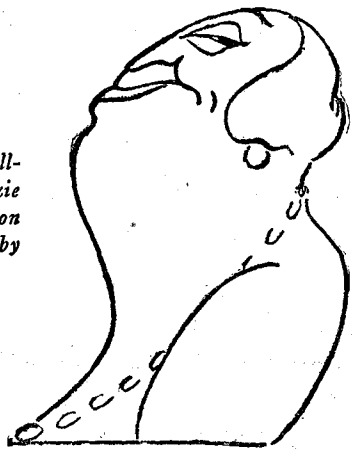

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The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

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The Week

THE TERMS under which the Senate ratified the Kellogg Treaty require little comment. Mr. Kellogg and Senator Borah won a victory in that there was no technical reservation; but the report of the Foreign Relations Committee which was read and filed constituted a reservation in fact and will be so interpreted throughout the world. Its three points, that the Monroe Doctrine is not impaired, the right of self-defense remains and the United States is not bound by any European sanctions against an aggressor nation, were all needless; as we point out elsewhere in this issue, the statement about the Monroe Doctrine gives a much narrower and simpler view of it than the United States has taken at any time since the McKinley administration. The European powers can hardly complain of our reservation, which they had anticipated and which goes no further than their own. Latin America has no interest in the Kellogg Treaty but is much concerned for the new Pan-American treaties of arbitration and conciliation, and if we ratify the latter, our southern neighbors will probably accept the former. The Kellogg pact remains what it has been: the weakest international document ever promulgated, but one which may nevertheless as time passes prove to have great psychological value.

GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT and former Governor Smith have both made statements designed to cheer up the down-hearted Democrats and reconstitute their shattered ranks. Of Mr. Roosevelt's remarks, the one which will be longest remembered was the unfortunate observation that many of his thousands of Democratic correspondents believed the election last November had been stolen by the Republicans—an opinion which he should not have repeated so casually, and without any corroboration, even if some of the party members believe it. Governor Smith stressed the necessity for maintaining an aggressive fighting organization, not only during elections but between them. The party members in Congress ought, of course, to constitute the spearhead of such a body, though in recent years they have shown a sad incapacity for this task. Neither Roosevelt nor Smith mentioned the chief problem, the fact that the two wings of the Democracy have nothing whatever in common except their dislike of the Republicans and their desire to enjoy the spoils of office. No positive and dynamic leader can possibly hope to win the hearty allegiance of both wings; the most he can expect is a sullen and temporary acquiescence during the quadrennial campaigns, from the camp opposed to his own, an acquiescence which in 1928 was so feeble on the part of the Southern faction that the results were almost fatal. Between elections, the party as a national force simply ceases to exist. This intra-party sectional antagonism is based for the most part on matters which are not properly in the sphere of politics: it is an antipathy which can neither be explained nor resolved away. It is complicated, moreover, by the same division between progressives and conservatives that makes the Republican party such an artificial organism. The next great leader of the Democrats, in our opinion, will not be a master of compromise and expediency who will manage to get the two dissonant groups under the

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